

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2328.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS ^{SIXPENCE.} By Post, 6d.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. W. R. COETLOGON,
COMMANDER OF THE GARRISON AT KHARTOUM.



HICKS PASHA (MAJOR-GENERAL HICKS),
COMMANDER OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY DESTROYED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE GREAT MILITARY DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN: NATIVE EGYPTIAN TROOPS.

BIRTH.

On the 15th ult., at The Mount, Nightingale-lane, Clapham-common, the wife of Francis Arthur Suttaby, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd ult., at the Downs Congregational Church, Bowdon, by the Rev. Alexander Mackinnon, B.A., assisted by the Rev. James Bedell, uncle to the bridegroom, Ernest Stanley, eldest son of George Wood, Esq., and grandson of the Rev. Richard Alcott, late of Manchester, to Euzenie, fifth daughter of the late James Galloway, Esq., Stamford Lodge, Bowdon. No cards.

On the 17th ult., at Berlin, Edward John, Esq., of Lisbon, to Henrietta Adela Roughton, youngest daughter of the late Francis Roughton, Esq., of Lisbon.

DEATHS.

On the 17th ult., at 46, Merrion-square, Dublin, P. Denis Browne, only son of the late Peter Browne, Secretary of Legation, Copenhagen, and grandson of the Right Hon. Denis Browne, M.P., county Mayo, aged 57.

On the 22nd ult., at 13 M-toroff-road, Peckham, Thomas Baillie, aged 68, for many years of 118, Wardour-street, now 187. Beloved and respected by all who knew him, and deeply lamented by his sorrowing widow.

*. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 8.

SUNDAY, DEC. 2.	
First Sunday in Advent.	Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah i; I Peter iv. 7; Evening Lessons: Isaiah ii. or iv. 2; John xii. 20.	St. James's, noon, Rev. Canon Barry. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White; 7 p.m., Rev. Gordon Calthrop.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., 3.15 p.m., and 7 p.m.	Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, accession II.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.	Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, born, 1825.
MONDAY, DEC. 3.	
Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m.	Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. J. W. W. Bund on the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883.
British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., discussion.	London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. G. J. Romanes on Instinct.
National Agricultural Exhibition and Dog Show, Birmingham (4 days).	Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor A. H. Church on Pigments; and on Thursday.
Society of Chemical Industry, 8 p.m., Mr. H. L. Greville on a New Residual Product from Coal Gas.	Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours opens.
Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.	
TUESDAY, DEC. 4.	
Christian Knowledge Society, 2 p.m.	Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. H. Russam and Dr. J. Peters.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., discussion on the New Eddystone Lighthouse; and Mr. W. H. Preece on Electrical Conductors.	North-Eastern Hospital for Children, special general meeting, Devonshire House, Bishopsgate-street.
Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.	
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5.	
Entomological Society, 7 p.m.	Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. T. T. P. Warren on the Manufacture of Mineral Waters.
Pharmaceutical Society, 8.30 p.m.	Prayer Book Revision Society.
Geological Society, 8 p.m.	Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. B. Haughton on the Suez Canal.
London Ballad Concert, St. James's Hall, 8 p.m.	
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.	
THURSDAY, DEC. 6.	
Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m.	Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. W. Anderson on the Generation of Steam, &c.	Linnean Society, 8 p.m., Posthumous Essay on Instinct by Charles Darwin.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.	London Institution, 7 p.m., Rev. W. Green on the High Alps of New Zealand.
Chemical Society, 8 p.m.	Sandown Park Races.
Parkes Museum, 8 p.m., Dr. G. V. Poore on Coffee and Tea.	
FRIDAY, DEC. 7.	
Moon's first quarter, 11.46 a.m.	Cayley on Stress in Greek; Mr. Philological Society, 8 p.m., Mr. C. B.
SATURDAY, DEC. 8.	
Physical Society, 3 p.m.	Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 9 a.m.	Minimum, read at 9 p.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, at rate of 1000 ft. per inch.
November	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°	Miles.	In.	
	18 29.922	41.7	37.4	86	8	48.9	32.8	WSW. SSW.	224	0.025
	19 29.946	44.0	35.8	75	4	50.9	28.3	WSW. WSW.	292	0.020
	20 29.949	43.1	36.5	79	5	47.9	39.0	WSW. W.	369	0.040
	21 29.905	45.4	37.8	77	3	52.8	37.9	WSW. SW. W.	363	0.000
	22 29.714	44.0	39.8	87	9	49.8	40.1	SW. WSW.	273	0.250
	23 29.809	40.2	33.6	76	3	46.1	34.0	NNW. WNW. WSW.	185	0.320
December	24 29.463	47.5	42.7	85	7	50.8	38.1	SSW. WSW.	425	0.225

* Rain and hail.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—
Barometer (in inches) corrected 29.924 29.917 29.893 29.883 29.796 29.765 29.495
Temperature of Air 37.8° 45.8° 45.8° 50.6° 46.0° 38.3° 47.4°
Temperature of Evaporation 33.8° 44.5° 42.8° 47.8° 45.1° 39.0° 45.1°
Direction of Wind WSW. WSW. W. SW. SW. WNW. SW.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 8, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
12 3	12 3	12 4	12 5	12 6	12 7	12 8
3 12	3 20	3 47	4 14	4 42	5 10	5 38

MONTE CARLO.—THEATRICAL SEASON 1883-4.

The following are the arrangements :—
OPERETTES
Between Dec. 16, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884.
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. LE PETIT DUC.
LE PETIT FAUST. LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
Executed by the celebrated Parisian Artists, Assisted by a Company of Forty-five Artists and Chorists.
ITALIAN OPERAS.
Jan. 19 to March 15.
The following Operas will be given :—
IL BALLO IN MASCHERA. FAUST.
FRA DIAVOLO. RIGOLETTO.
IL TROVATORE. AIDA.
PRINCIPAL ARTISTES:
Mesdames Fides DeVries, Mesdames Pandolphe, Bouilly,
" Norelli, " Vergnet,
Monsieur Mierzwinski, " Castelmary.
The interval of these representations will be interspersed by several GRAND CONCERTS.
at the termination of which another series of OPERETTES will be produced between March 15 and April 15.
TIR AUX PIGEONS.
The Pigeon Shooting Matches will be renewed as usual, particulars of which will be given in due course.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, MONDAY, DEC. 3. LAST TWELVE DAYS OF THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

Performances prior to the Christmas Holidays.
LAST TIMES OF THE PRESENT BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME.
The Nineteenth Annual Series of Christmas Performances will commence in the Great Hall on Boxing Day.

THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.—The Twenty-Fourth ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in CURZON HALL, BIRMINGHAM, on DEC. 3, 4, 5, and 6.
The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY NEXT, DEC. 3; admission to Three o'clock, to Five p.m., 1s., and from Five to Nine, 6d. On Tuesday, 1s., Wednesday, up to Five p.m., 1s., and from Five to Nine, 6d. On Thursday, 1s. Children half price, excepting on Wednesday, from Five to Nine p.m.
Doors open at 9.30 a.m. and close at 9 p.m. On Thursday doors close at 5, and the Show at 5.30.
For Excursion-Trains see local railway bills.
Temple-row, Birmingham. GEORGE BZECH, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square. — Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbunt-Free, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr. John Clayton. Box-office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.10. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturdays, Dec. 8 and 15, at Half-past Two o'clock. Doors open at Two o'clock.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LINGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Conny Grain.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldwell; and Mr. Conny Grain a new Musical Sketch, ON THE THAMES. Concluding with a new second part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 6s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

Now Ready, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1884, CONTAINING

SIX COLOURED PICTURES, PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS; TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS; ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOLS AND REMARKABLE PHENOMENA; And a great variety of Useful Information for Reference throughout the year. Inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper. Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors. PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2½d.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER. TO BE PUBLISHED DEC. 3.

TWO COLOURED PLATES. "M L I S S," AND "T I S S M E," BY KATE GREENAWAY. ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly!	By Hal Ludlow.
Great Expectations	By E. T. Walker.
Christmas Bell-Ringers	By F. Dadd.
The Path to Church	By A. Hunt.
Una Toccata	From the Picture by Miss C. Phillott.
Christmas Morning: Three Generations	By A. Hunt.
Lost!	By S. Berkeley.
Christmas Morning: A Bouquet for Mamma	By Florence Gravier.
Fire-side Fancies	By Hal Ludlow.
Pets of the House: A Christmas Feast	By Percy Tarrant.
Sir Roger de Coverley	By W. H. Overend.
The Father of the Regiment	By Davidson Knowles.
Notes at a Christmas Dinner, by our Dyspeptic Artist	By Hal Ludlow.
Pictorial Charades	By Harry Furniss.
Christmas Bells	By Miss M. Walker.
The Interrupted Ghost Story	By F. Barnard.
Master Tommy's Christmas Tableaux Vivants	By Harry Furniss.

STORIES.
HE LOVED AND HE RODE AWAY. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
A NIGHT OF TERROR. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
TWICE SAVED: A STORY OF TO-DAY. By Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS.
HOW THEY KEPT THEIR CHRISTMASSES. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
VERSES AND SKETCHES.
By FREDERICK LOCKER, W. C. BENNETT, JOHN LATHEY, CLEMENT SCOTT, BYRON WEBBER, SAVILE CLARKE, EDWARD ROSE, and OTHERS.

The whole inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper. PRICE ONE SHILLING. INLAND POSTAGE: PARCELS POST, 3d.; BOOK POST, 3½d. Subscribers sending the Christmas Number through the post are recommended to protect the Plates by rolling them within the Number. A List of the Postal Charges for Foreign Parts is given at page 35 of the Christmas Number. Office: 198, Strand, London.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

Last week's news of the destruction by hostile Bedouins of Captain Moncrieff and his detachment of Egyptian troops that had landed at Souakim was only the prelude to a more terrible catastrophe, the consequences of which are likely to be momentous and far-reaching. Of the complete overthrow of the small army led by Hicks Pasha across the deserts of the Soudan to put down the rebellion of the Mahdi, there is, we fear, no doubt. For three days the Egyptians, estimated at 10,000 men, under the command of English officers, fought bravely against overwhelming numbers, but their squares were at length broken, and, as is customary with Orientals, the defeat became a rout. It is a pitiful story. For thirty days, with the scantiest supply of water, the expedition had been marching amid great privations, with the alternative of a dear-bought victory or annihilation. Its gallant leaders, whom criminal neglect had presented without a base or line of retreat, advanced with a sentiment of their doom. Fugitives have reported that the entire army was massacred; but there is reason to hope that some were carried into captivity and their lives spared. There is less doubt of the material results of this disastrous campaign. The great province of Soudan, and the equatorial region beyond, are wellnigh lost to Egypt, and the Khedive has no available resources adequate to recover them.

The first effect of this disaster has been to arrest the departure of the British force from Cairo. Even French journalists, who a fortnight ago were clamouring for our evacuation of the Valley of the Nile, now urge that the English army should remain, with a view to protect Europeans, and to be prepared for all eventualities. The crisis is a serious one. The native force which General Wood has organised, besides being inadequately trained, cannot be taken beyond the frontier of Upper Egypt. As a last resource, the gendarmerie of Baker Pasha are to be sent to Souakim with the view of making their way to the capital of Soudan.

Khartoum, says Sir Samuel Baker—who, next to General Gordon, has the greatest practical acquaintance with the region south of Upper Egypt—must be held at all costs, and he thinks that Soudan may be recovered without much fighting by vigorous measures and prompt concessions to the Abyssinians. Much will, however, depend upon the Mahdi himself. His speedy advance northwards at the head of his victorious host may frustrate all plans carefully prepared at Cairo. His claims as a pseudo-Messiah are calculated to excite the religious fanaticism of the various desert tribes along the banks of the Nile, if they do not attract the sympathy of the Khedive's subjects, and stir up the Mohammedans of Tripoli and on the borders of Tunis. Like many Pretenders before him, Mahomet Achmet professes to be a descendant of the Prophet; and his pretensions will be judged by Moslems, not according to their apparent validity, but by his success as a military leader.

The outbreak of hostilities between France and China has been deferred, but not averted. There seems to have been an expectation in Paris early in the week of a telegram from Admiral Courbet announcing a brilliant victory. That commander, however, finds his plans frustrated by the aggressive operations of the swarms of Black Flags and pirates that overrun Tonquin, and distract his attention from Sontay and Bac-Ninh. Instead of capturing those fortresses, he has with difficulty saved the French garrison at Haidzuhong from destruction, and his troops remain inactive at Hanoi. But the signs that war is "looming in the distance" multiply. The Chinese Emperor has issued a decree instructing his Generals in the southern provinces to "give battle to the French" should they advance on Bac-Ninh, but to "preserve the Treaty Ports from all disturbance." Not less ominous is the sending of instructions by President Arthur's Cabinet to the United States squadron in Chinese waters as to the course to be pursued for the protection of American interests, if hostilities should break out, and the concentration of British ships of war at Canton and elsewhere. Apparently, the impending war may not at the outset be an official war. But when once it has begun, the French will not long refrain from blockading or bombarding Chinese ports, if by such tactics the enemy can be crippled. It is too late to talk of Lord Granville's mediation, and too late, we fear, to expect that the Chamber of Deputies will disown the aggressive designs of M. Ferry and his colleagues.

The demonstration at the Mansion House on Tuesday afternoon against the preposterous demand of the Transvaal delegates to take possession of Bechuanaland can hardly fail to have due effect at the Colonial Office. The meeting cordially indorsed the sentiments expressed by Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Forster, and the Rev. J. McKenzie as to the unscrupulous conduct of the Boers, and the system of slavery which they uphold. Lord Derby has shown every disposition to favour an equitable compromise, but no English statesman would counsel the acceptance of a scheme which might enable the Boers to close the interior of the continent against South African colonists. Why should not the Transvaal have thoroughly defined boundaries as well as the kindred Orange Free State? President Kruger and his colleagues, now in London, stand much more in need of raising a successful loan to meet the dire pecuniary necessities of their country than of insisting on their claim to the territory stolen from the Bechuanas. If the British Government, at local expense, should eventually undertake the restoration of order in Bechuanaland with the active co-operation of the Cape Colony, which is vitally interested in keeping open the route to the interior, it will go far to provide a solution of South African perplexities, and restrain the Boers within their own frontier. But, unfortunately, these restless Dutch settlers make no account of treaty obligations that conflict with their own interests.

M. Ferdinand De Lesseps and his son have returned to Paris after a delightful tour in England. They were received with much cordiality and distinction by the ship-owners of Liverpool and Newcastle and the merchants of Manchester; but in London plain speaking gave a somewhat keen flavour to the hospitality shown to the distinguished Frenchmen. All who came in contact with the venerable president of the Suez Canal Company, whose energy at nearly eighty years of age knows little abatement, were charmed with his suavity and amazed at his apparent simplicity. According to his own report, the progress of M. De Lesseps was one continued triumph. Some vague promises as to the reduction of pilotage, and the dues on ships in ballast, was all that was needed to satisfy the very urgent claims of British shipowners, and it is announced that he has a scheme to submit to his Board which will prove satisfactory. Perhaps the gay septuagenarian Frenchman has somewhat overacted his part, for nothing could be more emphatic than the statements made to him that this country must be potentially represented in the Suez Canal Company if a second waterway is to be made. His ingenious attempt to keep up appearances will, we dare say, have been entirely abandoned on the receipt of the news that, in the opinion of the legal advisers of the Khedive, no modification can be made in the status quo of the Suez Canal without a fresh concession from the Egyptian Government.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

What is the matter with Mr. William Morris, poet and artistic (and I hope that I may say, in the proper sense of a sadly abused word) aesthetic craftsman and member of the Kyrle Society? I gather from the *Times* that the gifted author of "The Earthly Paradise" and "The Life and Death of Jason" has been lecturing on "Art and Commerce" at Wimbledon; that he has expressed himself in almost despairing terms touching the present condition of Art in our midst, and that he suggests some kind of socialism as the only remedy for what he considers to be a most disastrous state of things.

What socialism in its relation to Art may mean I shall not stay to inquire, for the simple reason that, regarding what is called socialism in theology, political economy, and so forth, I am in a state of profound and blissful ignorance. I am tolerably familiar with the Memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon; but touching the other St. Simon—the socialist one—my mind is completely a blank. I never read any of the writings of Cabet, or Pierre Leroux, or Proudhon, or even of Robert Owen. To my thinking, life is just long enough to try to do our best to be sociable: the rest is to me (being happily and I hope invincibly ignorant of so-called sociology) only so much leather and prunella.

But when I read that a gentleman who has done so much for the cause of decorative art in England is beginning to despair of our artistic progress, I am tempted to fancy that Mr. William Morris must be a considerably younger man than is the Distressed Compiler of this page. Can the memory of Mr. Morris take him back; say, to the year 1837? My remembrance can do so. There were great painters and sculptors in the land—David Wilkie, Turner, Edwin Landseer, Charles Stanfield, Roberts, John Martin, Bailey, Lough, Gibson, MacIise, Etty, Mulready, Lewis—well, alive, and flourishing. For the rest, nearly all the appliances of domestic life were hideously and deplorably ugly. Ugly upholstery, ugly carpets, ugly plate and jewellery, ugly glass and crockeryware, ugly wall-papers and window curtains, ugly picture-frames, ugly *papier-mâché*, ugly oilcloths and wood carving and metal-work—these were our portion in the year '37; and the noble-minded and luckless Benjamin Robert Haydon was vainly importuning successive Administrations to establish Schools of Design, and was being snubbed and cold-shouldered for his pains.

And now, Mr. William Morris, turn to this instant November, 1883, and mark what has been done within a period of five-and-forty years for domestic art in England by the Elder Pugin, by Alfred Stevens, by the Elkingtons, the Minton, the Copelands, and the Wedgwoods; by Dr. Christopher Dresser, by Thomas, by Owen Jones, by Matthew Digby Wyatt; and last, although certainly not least, by yourself. The progress of art! I find it everywhere. I find it in Mr. Walter Crane's picture-books for children, and in the Christmas cards of the De La Rues, the Marcus Wards, and the Raphael Tucks. I unhesitatingly declare that I can buy for sixpence a little colour-printed card of a posy of flowers, deft in design, skilful in composition, pure, brilliant, and natural in colour, and that five-and-forty years since such a posy (could it have been produced at all) would have cost at least a guinea.

Take the fashions. The first *modes de Paris* that I can recollect comprised "leg of mutton" sleeves, long waists, monstrous high combs for the back hair, more monstrous coach-wheel hats, toweringly burdened with ribbons and flowers, preposterous "habit shirts," and sandalled shoes—the thinness of which last provoked consumption to decimate our womankind. I have some thousands of fashion-plates at home; and I grant that when I glance at some of the bygone *toilettes*, I recognise something quaint and even pretty in the old "leg of mutton" sleeves and "coach-wheel" hat style; but please to bear this in mind, Mr. Morris, that in the days of which I am speaking there was no freedom of option permitted in female attire. If a lady did not wear leg of mutton sleeves and a coach-wheel hat, or, in the next epoch of fashion, "bishop's sleeves" and a "cottage" bonnet, she was voted a frump, and laughed at. Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, was a frump. She persisted in wearing bonnets dating from the year 1817.

At present there is full and entire freedom in ladies' attire. I admit there is much that is absurd in the fashions which we receive from Paris. But a lady is not forced to adopt them. She may dress as artistically or as fantastically as ever she pleases. We have many artists who "set" the fashions. Mr. E. Burne Jones sets them for one section of society; Mr. Du Maurier for another. Mr. Caldecott sets them. Our ladies may dress, if they please, à la Kate Greenaway, à la Sandro Botticelli, à la Dante Rossetti; they are free to patronise, if they choose to do so, the Grecian peplum or the "divided skirt." Sumptuary art, at least, is free; and freedom is the soul of artistic progress. Do not despair, Mr. William Morris.

I thought so! "The crises which were to have arrived have arrived." It is in vain to battle against the Inevitable. "There is no armour against Fate"; and, as a matter of course, the turtle-soup and conger-eel controversy (which is becoming somewhat ridiculous) has brought to the fore in the columns of the *World*, the gentleman who thinks that he knows so much about the concoction of *bouillabaisse*. List to the Sage in "What the *World* says":—

The discussion of the great turtle and conger question has at least disclosed the ignorance existing in this country concerning fish-cookery. In the midst of a learned and amusing article in the *Observer* I find the astounding statement that conger is "acknowledged to be the base of that *bouillabaisse* which was so unwarrantably praised by Thackeray." The great novelist certainly got a many culinary blunders as possible into his famous ballad, but he was right in praising the Provençal dish so generally misunderstood in England. But it has no "base," either of conger or anything else. It is not a soup made from fish stock, but a fish stew, requiring less than half an hour to prepare. Some eight months ago I gave a perfect recipe for making it, in which the various fishes were de-

scribed. I may add that tomatoes are sometimes used, but not at Marseilles, and that saffron is rarely omitted.

These statements are absurdly erroneous. *Bouillabaisse* is essentially a soup with a fish stock, and with pieces of fish subsequently added; and when it is brought to table the soup is generally served in one tureen and the fish in another. There are three recognised kinds of *bouillabaisse*, the Parisian (which was that eaten by Mr. Thackeray at the restaurant in "the New Street of the Little Fields"), the Provençal, and the Russian.

To make *bouillabaisse à la Parisienne*, you cut up a whiting of two pounds weight and half a small turbot. With the heads and some other small fish, and with vegetables, wine, and water, you prepare about two quarts of broth, without salt. Then drain it, strain off the fat, and let it settle. Afterwards minced leeks and a large white onion, with two gills of good oil and a clove of garlic, are put into a stewpan and fried a light brown. The pieces of fish are then added, and "moistened to their height," with the stock or broth, and a little white wine. A small raw cut lobster, a bunch of parsley, a bay leaf, the pulp of a lemon, a pinch of salt, and a little saffron are then added. Then the stewpan is put on a brisk fire, and kept briskly boiling until, as the old cookery books say, "it is enough." Then take out your parsley, and pour the soup over some broad slices of bread; *et servez, chaud*: the broth and bread in one dish, the slices of fish in another.

Bouillabaisse à la Provençale is also not a stew, but a soup. First, about three quarts of fish broth or stock are made with the head and inferior parts of a turbot, and some small bony fish, or a piece of conger eel. It is unnecessary to mention the names of the Mediterranean fish pieces of which are added to the soup, as, away from the coast of Provence, they would present little purport or significance to the culinary student. The broth must be reduced by boiling to a quarter of its previous volume. The remaining ingredients are oil, garlic, sweet herbs, white wine, pimento, saffron, and two peeled tomatoes without the skins. "Pour into the soup tureen; take out the pieces of fish and lobster with a skimmer; choose the best of them; divide them to remove their bones, and add them to the broth. Take out the sweet herbs and the slices of lemon, and send up separately a plate of thin slices of bread."

Bouillabaisse à la Russe is made with a fish stock or broth strengthened with white wine. To this are added slices of sterlet, crayfish, and "iershis." To the other ingredients (pretty nearly the same as in the two preceding recipes) are added two table-spoonfuls of tomato purée. The fish and the broth (with bread) are dished up separately. *Viola!* But just as it was pointed out by a sage of antiquity (to whom the late James Hannay was so partial) that there is nothing so fabulous but that there may be a modicum of truth mingled with it, so may I hint that the original Marseillaise *Bouillabaisse*—such a mess as fishermen and smugglers would cook on a rock, over a fire of seaweed, was, in all probability, not a fish soup, but a fish stew.

Mem.: Only two or three years ago, being on board a small and uncomfortable Franco-American steamer—say one of the Bilboquet-Velvetini and Co. line—in the Mediterranean, I saw a Provençal gentleman cook, with the utmost dispatch, a dish of *bouillabaisse*. The cook brought him from the galley an iron skillet full of boiled fish—a miscellaneous assortment, their names mainly ending in "asse" and in "ot"—piping hot. Into this mess the Provençal gentleman "chucked" (if I may be allowed to use so inelegant expression) a liberal quantity of garlic, some *gros poivre*, a little rock salt, at least half a pint of green oil, some saffron, two or three peeled tomatoes, and some ship's biscuit broken up small. The cook went back to the galley with the skillet, and returned therewith to the saloon in about twenty minutes; and then we sat down, skipper and all, to the *bouillabaisse*. As I knew that I was not going into polite society for some weeks to come, I partook freely of the prodigious gallimaufry. I fell desperately sick a few days afterwards; but whether the oil and garlic of the hastily improvised *bouillabaisse* had anything to do with my distemper I do not know.

Mem.: The Provençal gentleman was a cattle-dealer, trading between Marseilles and Oran, in Algeria. I can see him now, in his red flannel shirt-sleeves, tucked up to the elbows, and a Turkish fez stuck in the middle of his elf-locks, and looking altogether, as he brandished the knife with which he had cut up the garlic and the tomatoes, like a kind of culinary Zamiel. He was a self-made man; and, like most self-made men, he bragged. "J'ai pour quinze mille francs de bestiaux à bord," he was constantly telling us. His beginnings had been but humble. "Conducteur de diligence qui a fait son chemin." As such would he define his position in society: adding, "Oui, je suis venu de là," unconsciously repeating that which Murat, King of Naples, used to say, apostrophising the postilion's whip—his beginning—which was kept on a cushion of crimson velvet, under a glass shade, in his wife's boudoir. For the rest, to talk, as the gentleman in the *World* does, of there being anything like a "perfect" recipe for *bouillabaisse*, is nonsense. At best it is but a coarse mess, suitable only for a sea-fisher's appetite. I have very rarely met with an English lady who could eat *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles. The Russian fish soups are, on the other hand, delicious to the most delicate of palates.

By-the-way, it would be as well to mention that my authority as regards the proper confection of *bouillabaisse*, with a stock, is the "Cosmopolitan Cookery" of Urbain Dubois, chef to the German Emperor. Urbain, with Murray's Handbooks for the countries through which I am wandering, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and a pocket Shakespeare, form a compact travelling library, which will stand you in good stead for a six weeks' tour. The function of the "Cosmopolitan Cookery" is to console you for the execrable dinners you too often meet with at Continental tables d'hôte.

Late at night you read your Urbain Dubois, and, retiring to rest, dream joyously of good dinners enjoyed in the best of all good company.

The historians of ancient Britain tell us that the period immediately preceding the insurrection of Boadicea against the Romans who had so unhandsonely used her was marked by the occurrence of omens and portents of the most alarming character. Statues of the Emperors tumbled down of their own accord; columns in the temples were split in twain; voices, as of wild women, were heard in the night season, chanting seditious ditties; showers of red rain fell at Agrigentum, and the sea turned black and flung carcasses of strange monsters on the southern shores of Britain. Now I do not, as a rule, believe in omens and portents; but, may I be permitted respectfully to inquire, What is the matter with the Mayors? The Lord Mayor of London has damped the spirits of the preachers of charity sermons by declining to go to church, on Sunday, in state (another of our grand old institutions threatened with abrogation!); the Mayor of Dover does not see his way towards standing treat to the Town Council at an immemorial luncheon; somewhere down in Cornwall there are two gentlemen each of whom declares that he, and he alone, is Mayor; and the Mayor of Marlborough objects to a mace. Are these municipal aberrations to be considered as ominous or portentous of something dreadful which is about to happen? I remember reading that just prior to the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act, some fifty years ago, the silver oar, forming part of the regalia of some very ancient borough, mysteriously disappeared; a town-crier, somewhere down in the Midlands, was suddenly seized with a total extinction of voice, and the beadle of a highly respectable Ward in the City of London went clean out of his mind. Grim presages! Let Gog and Magog live, prosperous gentlemen.

As for the Mayor of Marlborough's objection to maces, the dislike of his Worship to the decorative kitchen poker in question may rest on strictly logical grounds. What does a Mace represent? What does the thing mean? Maces did really once upon a time signify something. In the Middle Ages, when the crimes of the assassins affiliated to the Old Man of the Mountain were scattering terror broadcast among the princes and potentates of Europe, the grantees who objected offhand were accustomed to surround themselves with a body-guard of trusty adherents, armed with heavy iron clubs, or maces; and their business was to keep a sharp look out for the special correspondents of the Old Man of the Mountain (the predecessors of our Invincibles), and, if they saw reasonable cause for suspicion, to batter their brains out. In process of time these "massiers" came, in England, to be known as "Sergeants-at-Mace." The Old Man of the Mountain and his crew became extinct (for a time) and were forgotten; but the mace remained to degenerate into a "bauble," as it was vigorously but discourteously called by Oliver Cromwell when he favoured the Long Parliament with his own peculiar views on the clôtüre. The adornment of municipalities with a mace seems to have been pretty general throughout Europe. When Don Alfonso of Spain was newly come to his kingdom, and was making a progress from Madrid to Zaragoza, I remember that at least at one town where his Majesty halted the Alcalde who presented the loyal address was attended by a mace-bearer, who wore, besides, an astonishing periwig of spun tow.

In being too logical in matters of these sumptuary pomps and vanities there is some peril to the comfortable conduct of things in general. There is no earthly reason why the Speaker of the House of Commons should wear a full-bottomed wig. With much more propriety might the Right Honourable Gentleman wear an Elizabethan ruff, or don a black skull cap, as old Speaker Lenthall did. The present preposterous costume assumed by the Speaker is not antique, and it does not remind us of a period of our Parliamentary History of which we have any reason to be proud. The Speaker's garb dates only from the early Georgian era and the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole; but what a fearful clamour there would be if it were proposed that the First Comynon in England should don the garb of an English gentleman of the Nineteenth Century and the Victorian era!

I note that the festivities at the little village of St. Anton, at the eastern or Tyrolean end of the newly-opened Arlberg tunnel, the miners carried the green and white flag of St. Barbara, "their patron saint." I knew that St. Barbara was the patron saint of artillerymen, and that the powder magazine on board a French man-of-war is called "la Sainte Barbe"; but, not having my Alban Butler by me, I fail to understand why St. Barbara should be the patroness of the workmen who excavate a railway tunnel. Is it on account of the blasting powder or the dynamite used? Fancy dynamite being placed under saintly patronage!

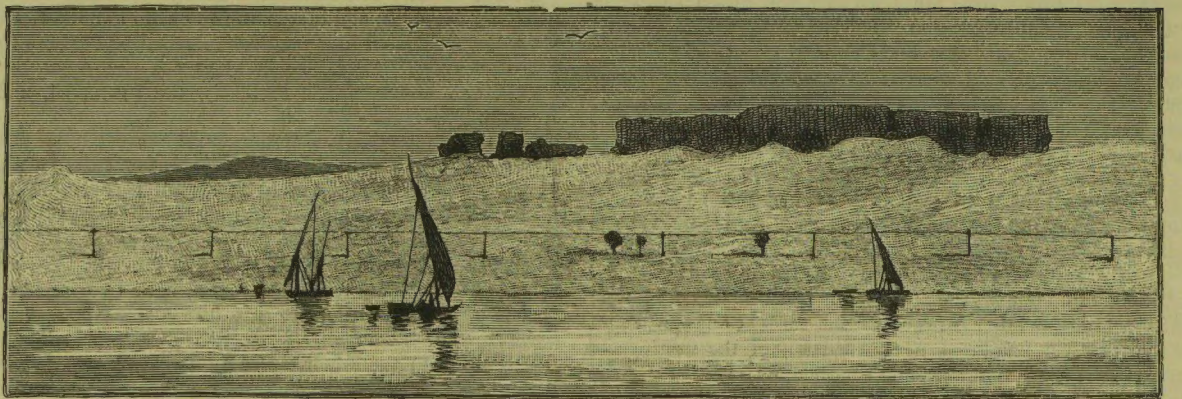
I am truly concerned to read, in a kindly paragraph in the *World*, that my very old friend Sydney Blanchard, barrister-at-law, journalist, and author, is dead. The deceased gentleman was the eldest son of Laman Blanchard, journalist, poet, and wit, sometime editor of the *Courier*, (and, I think, *George Cruikshank's Omnibus*), and the friend of Bulwer-Lytton, or Thackeray, and of Douglas Jerrold. Sydney inherited many of the brilliant qualities of his distinguished father. He had a handsome presence, a winning address, an affectionate disposition; and he was, to all appearance, the unluckiest of mankind. He had long and varied experience of life as an Anglo-Indian editor, as a leading-article writer for Conservative dailies in England, and as a contributor to the comic periodicals. He was called to the Bar, and sought the bubble of martial reputation, not precisely at the cannon's mouth, but to the extent of obtaining a commission in the militia; but Captain Sword was not more fortunate than Captain Pen; and the forensic toga brought him no more solid profit than did the military tunic. He was continually saying droll and sparkling things—who among his friends does not remember his proposed "Journey of Captain Blacksheep to Coventry by the way of Bath, Jericho, and Hong-Kong"; but he found it difficult to make his whims and oddities assume the concrete form of pounds shillings and pence. And yet, during his prolonged career in Anglo-Indian journalism, Sydney Blanchard must have done an immensity of solid work. *Implora Facies!*

G. A. S.

S K E T C H E S O F U P P E R E G Y P T.



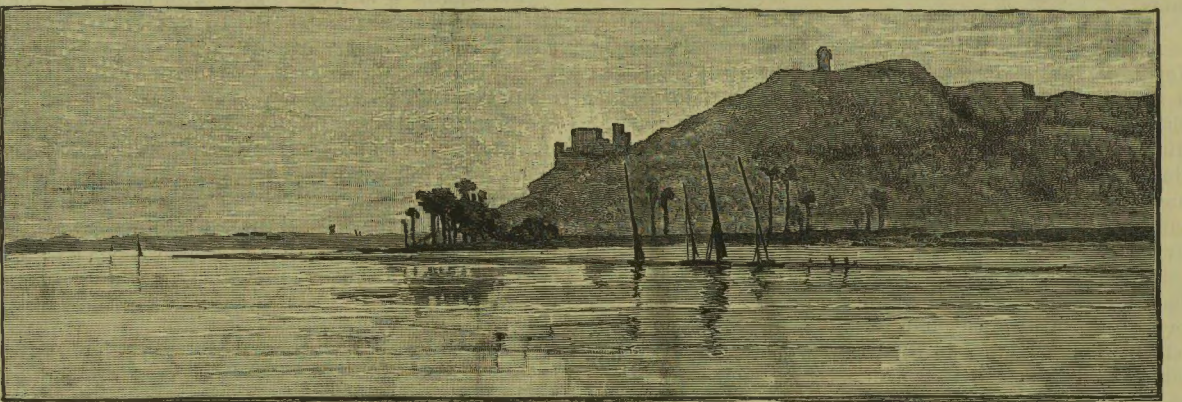
SAKIEH AND SHADOUF—IRRIGATING MACHINES.



TELEGRAPH IN THE DESERT, BETWEEN ESNEH AND ASSOUAN.



TOWING ON THE NILE.



APPROACH TO ASSOUAN.



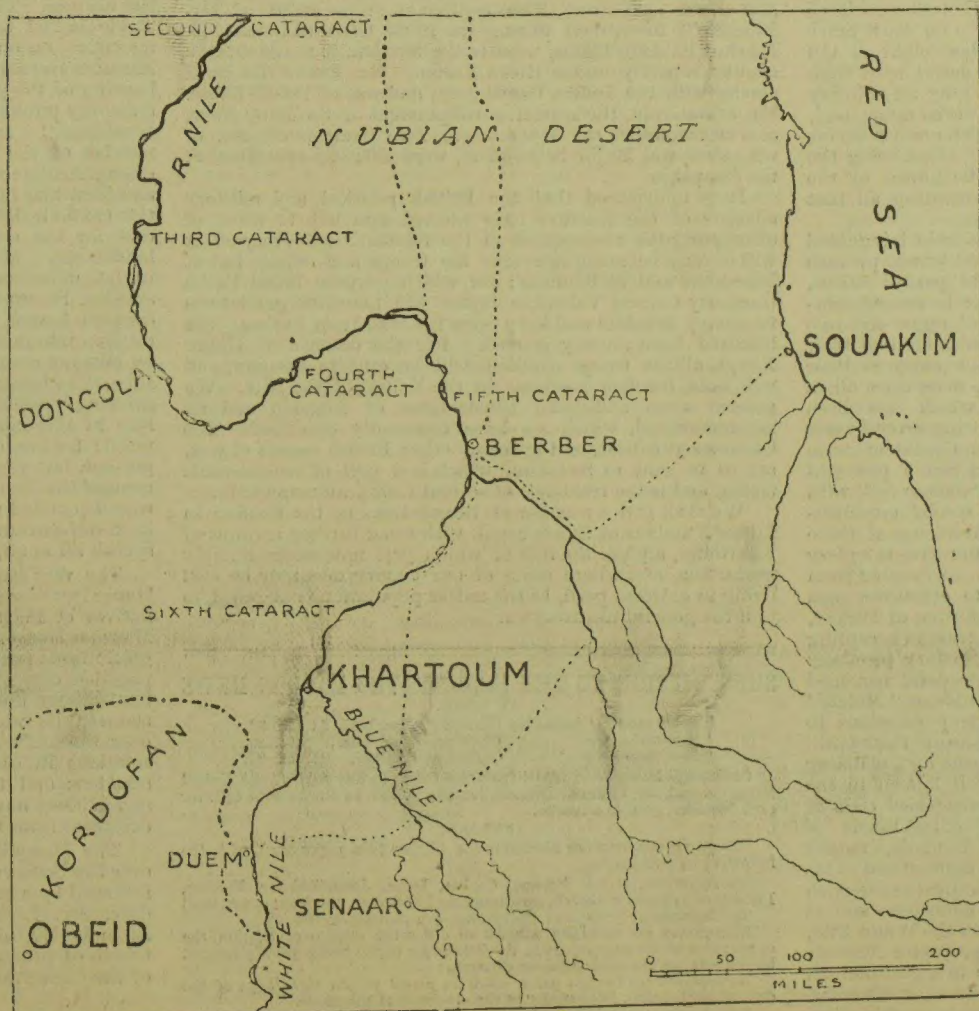
ASSOUAN, FROM THE SOUTH.



THE LATE LORD OVERSTONE.

THE LATE LORD OVERSTONE.

The Obituary notices in this Journal last week recorded the death of this nobleman, who was known to the last generation as Mr. Jones Loyd, and was long esteemed the greatest contemporary authority upon questions affecting the currency and banking. His Lordship had completed the eighty-seventh year of his age, having been born in September, 1796, the son of Mr. Lewis Loyd, banker, of Lothbury, and of Overstone Park, Northamptonshire. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and during seven years was in the House of Commons as M.P. for Hythe. It was partly, if not mainly, upon his advice that Sir Robert Peel introduced the Bank Charter Act, by which the Bank of England was made the bank of issue, and the payment of notes in gold was guaranteed by a proportionate reserve of Government securities and bullion. After he was raised to the peerage, in 1850, his Lordship gave up the business of banking, with which he had been connected since he left the University, and the firm of Jones Loyd and Co. some years afterwards merged into the London and Westminster Bank. Lord Overstone was frequently called before Parliamentary Committees, and was in confidential communication with the Government at various periods of his career. He was one of the Commissioners appointed in 1837 to inquire into the condition of the hand-loom weavers, and he maintained that one way of benefiting



MAP OF THE CENTRAL REGION OF THE SOUDAN.

their condition would be the repeal of the Corn Laws. He also took great interest in the reform of the Poor Laws, and was chairman of the Irish Famine Commission of 1847. He was also for some time a trustee of the National Gallery, as he was fond of art, and formed a fine collection of pictures. He took a leading part in the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, and in 1858 was appointed one of the Commissioners for considering how far it might be practicable and advisable to introduce the decimal coinage. In 1860 he was a member of the Volunteer Commission and of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Elective Franchise. In 1862 he was appointed one of the Commissioners to inquire into the working of the patent laws, but from that date his Lordship ceased to take an active part in politics. He was a great supporter of the Church, and subscribed over £12,000 to the Bishop of London's Fund. He married, in 1829, Harriet, the daughter of Mr. Ichabod Wright, of Mapperley Hall, Nottingham; she died in 1864. He leaves an only daughter, married to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay, M.P. for Berkshire. The wealth of Lord Overstone was millions sterling.

In presence of a large concourse of scientific gentlemen and others, the funeral service of the late Sir William Siemens was held in Westminster Abbey on Monday, after which the remains were conveyed to Kensal-green Cemetery, where they were interred. The Prince of Wales was represented by Mr. Cockerell.

THE MILITARY DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN.

The Egyptian army of ten thousand men, under command of Major-General Hicks (with the title of Hicks Pasha) sent last February to put down the Mussulman native and Arab insurrection in the Soudan, has been utterly destroyed. In the march from Duem on the White Nile, to south-west through Kordofan, intending to capture El Obeid, the chief town of that country, lying far in the interior of Africa, it was overwhelmed by at least twenty times its own force, under the leadership of the "Mahdi," and in three days of desperate fighting was cut to pieces. This astounding news was published in England on Friday week. There is little hope that any of the British officers connected with the expedition have escaped with their lives, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Coetlogon, who was in command of the garrison at Khartoum, the capital of all the Soudan provinces, at the junction of the Blue Nile with the White Nile. Our Journal of March 10 contained two Illustrations, a group of portrait-figures of Hicks Pasha and his English staff, ten in number, and a sketch of the reception of the troops at Souakim, the Nubian sea-port on the coast of the Red Sea, whence they were to march across the Nubian desert to Berber, on the Nile, and from that place ascend the river to Khartoum. We now give the Portraits of the unfortunate commander and of Colonel Coetlogon, who is in an extremely difficult and dangerous position; also, an Illustration of the appearance of irregular Egyptian troops, such as have often been employed in the Soudan; views of Souakim and of Khartoum, with one of Fashoda, higher up the White Nile; and a map of the region around Khartoum, where the remnant of the Egyptian garrison, which may be 2000 or 4000 men, will find it a hard matter to maintain any valid defence. It is requisite to explain a little of the geography of the Soudan, and its situation relative to Egypt, that our readers may form a correct judgment of the present state of affairs.

Egypt, properly speaking, ends with Assouan, at the First Cataract of the Nile, 730 miles from the Mediterranean, 550 miles by the river from Cairo. Beyond this point is Nubia, with the vast southern territories, called "the Soudan," including Dongola, Berber, the country around Khartoum, up to the junction of the Blue and White Nile; farther on, the negro countries of Kordofan, Darfur, and Sennar; and, still farther south, the "Equatorial Provinces," some time administered by Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Gordon, with Gondokoro for their seat of government. Our Sketch Map this week only shows the central region of the Soudan, comprising Nubia, Dongola, and Berber, with Souakim on the Red Sea coast; the important town of Khartoum, its political and commercial capital; and a portion of Kordofan and Sennar. This is all that is needful to comprehend the localities affected by the recent disaster. It lies wholly within the tropical zone, from the 12th to the 22nd degree of latitude. In a straight line, almost due south, the distance from Cairo to Obeid exceeds twelve hundred miles; but it is nearly two thousand miles by any route of travel; so that there cannot be much fear that the "Mahdi," the leader of the Kordofan and Darfur insurgents, will march to dethrone the Khedive and drive the English out of Egypt.

Though cataracts, or rather rapids, obstruct the navigation of the Nile beyond Egypt, it is possible to march direct to Khartoum, either quitting the river below the Second Cataract and crossing the Nubian desert, by the routes indicated on our Map in dotted lines, to Abou Hamed or Berber; or else keeping up the river to Dongola, and thence crossing the western part of Nubia to Berber or Khartoum. But in the former case, with a desert march of 373 miles from Korosko to Berber, and "no water, except a bitter well for camels only," as Sir Samuel Baker says, "If the Bishareen Arabs are hostile, this route cannot be attempted; but if friendly, it can be traversed by troops during the winter months." Along the other route, from Dongola to Berber, the wells are frequent, and the Nile is not far off; but if the Dongolawes rise in revolt, this road cannot speedily be made available.

The only remaining practicable way is that which has usually been adopted in Egyptian communications with Khartoum. Steam-vessels on the Red Sea reach Souakim from Suez in four days. From Souakim to Berber is 280 miles across the Desert, the first eighty miles in mountain country. The Haddendawa Arabs of this desert are hostile, and the wells are found at long intervals. If Berber could be reached, the navigation of the Nile would help for conveyance in three or four days more to Khartoum, where eight or ten steamers are kept in working order. The desert road from Souakim to Berber is traversed in ten days by an ordinary traveller with camels; but a body of troops, even unopposed, would require at least twice that time. The reader may form his own opinion whether there is much likelihood of relieving the garrison of Khartoum, which will perhaps be joined by the garrison of Sennar on the Blue Nile, constituting all that remains of the Egyptian forces in the Soudan.

The origin and progress of the insurrection, which is guided by Arabs and other men of superior race, but which prevails among the various native populations of that part of Africa, ought to be more correctly known. It is due to several combined causes; discontent with the corrupt and oppressive rule of Egypt; the intrigues of the Arab slave-dealers and their customers among the native chiefs, who wish to carry on their inhuman traffic without interference; but, more than all, a mighty impulse of religious fanaticism, which has been seething in the minds of African Moslems during several years past. There is, extending half across that Continent from the confines of Tunis and Tripoli to the Red Sea, a powerful association of Mohammedans, called the "Senoussia," with enrolled members in every tribe, and with special establishments, of a conventual description, for the residence of those set apart to conduct the work. Its object is to revive the glory of Islam, to deliver the nations believing in the Prophet from the control of the European Powers, and to overthrow such Mussulman Princes as the Khedive and the Sultan of Turkey, because they are held to have forfeited their trust in accepting some degree of foreign supervision. A legendary prophecy was current which foretold that, at a certain date, reckoned from the time of Mohammed, an inspired Guide or "Mahdi" would appear, who should call the Moslem populations to arms, and who would be victorious over all foes of their faith. The person who came forward, about two years ago, claiming himself to be this Mahdi, has long been well known in the Soudan as a religious enthusiast of the recognised class of Dervishes, and has resided in several chief towns of different provinces. He is a native of Dongola, named Mohammed Ahmed, the son of a carpenter, apprenticed to his uncle, a tanner, at Sennar, but afterwards trained as a dervish in the most noted schools of that order at Khartoum and at Berber, whence he came, in 1870, to Kana, on the White Nile, for his complete initiation by the eminent preceptor Nouredin. He lived for a time as a devout hermit in a grotto on an islet of the Nile at Kana. Having attracted many disciples, he returned to his home, and set up a dervish school of his own. He married four wives, as is allowed by the Mohammedan religion, and seemed to have settled in life at Dongola,

until, in May, 1881, he suddenly announced that he had, through faith in the Prophet of Mecca, received a supernatural revelation, and that he was to be the conquering Reformer of Islam. The Governor of the Soudan, then Reout Pasha, hearing of this, gave orders for the arrest of Mohammed Ahmed; but he escaped to Kordofan, and raised general revolt in that province and in Darfur, which lies west of Kordofan. Shortly before the Egyptian troubles of last year, a force of 3000 men was sent against the Mahdi, but could not overtake him; and he has continued to grow stronger from month to month. The great Mohammedan theological University at Cairo, called El Azhar, at the request of the Khedive, has declared this "false Mahdi" to be a liar, who shall be punished with eternal fire; but it does not prevent his leading an army of more than two hundred thousand warriors to destroy the Egyptian rule in the Soudan.

The expedition was sent by the Khedive's Government, at the beginning of this year, against the advice of the British Government; but Major-General Hicks and other retired officers of the British Army were permitted to take service in this campaign. Hicks Pasha met and defeated portions of the Mahdi's forces on April 29, near the fort of Kawa, on the Nile, and again some weeks later; but the insurgents still gathered strength in Kordofan, and about two months ago Hicks Pasha set out with his army on a march of two hundred miles, leaving the Nile at Duem, to attempt the capture of El Obeid; on Nov. 3, as we now learn, the Egyptian army, having been led astray by a treacherous guide, was attacked by the Mahdi's immense host, and, forming square, stood on the defensive all that day and two succeeding days. About one third part of the Egyptian troops at length surrendered to the Mahdi, and were spared; the rest had been slain, with Hicks Pasha and the other officers. Two or three of the European non-combatants are said to have been made prisoners and taken to Obeid.

Major-General W. Hicks (Hicks Pasha) entered the Bombay Army as far back as 1849. He served in Bengal during the campaign of 1857-9 with the 1st Belooch Battalion, and as staff officer to the Punjab movable column; served in the Rohilkund campaign with Major-General Penny's forces, and was present in the action of Kulkalee, action with Feroze Shah's force before Bareilly and occupation of that town; actions of Bunnee, Mahomdee, and attacks by the rebels on Shahjehanpore; campaign for the subjugation of Oude, and present at the attack on and capture of the Fort of Rampore Kussia, surrender and occupation of the Fort of Amethie; subsequently, with Lord Clyde's force, at the occupation of Suakpore, attack and defeat of the enemy under Beni Madho at Dhoondia Keria, and capture of the Fort of Buxar; with the column detached after the action to drive the enemy across the River Gomtee. Served under Lord Clyde throughout the operations across the Gogra; present at the action with the Nana's force at Brijidia, action at Churdah, attack on and capture of the Fort of Mujediah; commanded the right wing of the 1st Belooch Battalion detached with Brigadier Horsford's brigade previously to and on the passage of the Kaptee into Nepal; at the defeat of the enemy at Sikh Ghaut, and capture of their guns (mentioned in despatches, medal); served as brigade major, 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, during the Abyssinian campaign in 1867-8, and was present at the capture of Magdala (mentioned in despatches, brevet major, and medal). Some months ago Colonel Hicks went to Egypt, and after taking up the office of chief of the staff, he was appointed by the Khedive Commander-in-Chief of the Soudan Army. He was married in 1854, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Dixon, of Page Hall, Sheffield. This lady, with her children, resides at Brighton.

The English officers attached to the expedition with Major-General Hicks were Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, late Major of the 11th Foot; Lieutenant-Colonel Coetlogon, late Major of the 70th Foot; Major Martin, late Captain of Baker's Horse in South Africa; Major Farquhar, late Captain of the Grenadier Guards; Captain Forester Walker, late Lieutenant of the Buffs or East Kent Regiment; Captain Massey, late Lieutenant of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment); Surgeon-Major Rosenberg, Major Warner, Captain W. Page Phillips, and Mr. E. B. Evans, Intelligence Department. The Cavalry was under the command of Major Martin; the Artillery, with Nordenfeldt guns, was under the command of Captain Forester Walker. Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne was, according to the last advices, on sick leave at Cairo. The gentleman who acted as Mr. Broadley's interpreter during the State trials at Cairo, Mr. Edward Baldwin Evans, went to the Soudan, it is stated; in a similar capacity under Hicks Pasha. Mr. Evans did good service with the Indian Contingent, and was at Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, also accompanied the expedition. Two German officers, of whom one was Major Seckendorf, were there as spectators of the campaign.

It is understood that the British political and military advisers of the Khedive have warned him not to think of attempting the re-conquest of the Soudan; but every effort will at once be made to rescue the troops and officers left at Khartoum and at Sennar; for which purpose Baker Pasha (formerly Colonel Valentine Baker) will take 2000 gendarmes to occupy Souakim and keep open the road from Berber. Six hundred have already started. For the defence of Upper Egypt, all the troops available will be sent to Assouan, and will hold fortified positions in the Valley of the Nile. We present some additional Illustrations of Assouan and its neighbourhood, which we have repeatedly described. The Coquette gun-boat, and probably other British vessels of war, are to be sent to Souakim, which is a port of considerable traffic, and is the residence of several European merchants.

We shall give a number of Illustrations of the Soudan in future Numbers of this Journal, with some further account of Khartoum, a place the fate of which just now seems terribly precarious, and where some of our countrymen may be still living in extreme peril, as the native population is disposed to join the general insurrection.

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THE RECESS.

The Prime Minister's visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle, though in all probability prearranged, has been associated in the public mind with the news of the annihilation in the Soudan of Hicks Pasha's small Egyptian force by Mahomet Achmet, who assumes to be the Mahdi foretold by Mahomet. But, had the unfortunate occurrence been deemed by the Ministry so grave as was at first feared, it was scarcely likely that Mr. Gladstone would have remained at the Castle over Sunday, and then have proceeded leisurely by way of Oxford, where he made a stay of a few days, to Hawarden. The Government clearly think this new Egyptian crisis demands nothing more at their hands than the rescinding of the order for the withdrawal of our troops from Cairo, and the telegraphing to Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett to concentrate a squadron in the Red Sea. Meantime, his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and the noble Earl the First Lord of the Admiralty calmly preserve the sporting tenour of their way an agreeable distance from town.

The Secretary for War, on his side, speaking on Tuesday night before a large Liberal gathering in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, referred with characteristic directness and force to the disaster in the Soudan. The Marquis of Hartington seasonably reminded the public that the "provinces of the Soudan, constituting an Empire almost as large as India, have always been administered by a Government almost detached from that of Egypt." Calculated to dispel any fears that may have been aroused by the alarmist telegrams from Cairo was the reassuring statement of the Secretary for War that—

I do not attach much importance to the apprehensions which seem to be felt that the victorious army of the False Prophet will succeed in invading the provinces of Egypt proper. The physical obstacles in his way are enormous. The ordinary route of communication between Egypt and the Soudan is not by the Nile, but by the sea, which is, of course, closed to the rebel chief. There are many positions in the valley of the Nile which are easily defensible, and may, I believe, be held by a comparatively small force. What is important is, the effect which these recent events may have upon the mind and the temper of an ignorant and fanatical people like the Egyptians, and it is possible that disturbances and troubles may be in store for us there, and therefore it is not contrary to, but in strict accordance with, the policy of her Majesty's Government that, until we can obtain a clearer view as to the progress of events in that part of the country, we should retain the force which we have always said we should retain there until order was assured, and until the Egyptian Government was able itself to organise a force on which it could rely for assuring order (Cheers).

The Marquis of Hartington's habitual style of oratory is not as a rule so rousing as to stimulate his hearers to shout with enthusiasm, "Go on, my Lord;" and "Give it him!" Yet the noble Lord attacked the Marquis of Salisbury with such vigour at Tuesday's meeting of the Manchester Liberal Associations that he was encouraged by these very cries. Pointing out that were the Government to deal with the County Franchise next Session, the Opposition majority in the House of Lords would have it in their power to force on a dissolution, Lord Hartington fearlessly declared the Ministry would not fear the appeal to the country, but proceeded to point out the expediency of taking up the subject of local government next year, as well as that of the County Franchise, the difficulties of treating which were touched upon in passing. The most warmly applauded portions of his Lordship's speech, however, were those in which he censured the Marquis of Salisbury's tactics in the Upper House.

The Conservative leader thus assailed spares no opportunity to smite the Government hip and thigh. On the evening the sad news from the Soudan reached London, the Marquis of Salisbury happened to be the honoured guest at a banquet of the City Carlton Club; and he was swift to throw some of the blame for this disaster upon the Ministry, whose loudly announced intention to withdraw the British troops from Egypt he condemned by implication. Being in the City, the noble Marquis naturally devoted the greater part of his speech to the forthcoming Municipality Bill for the Metropolis. Albeit the Ministerial measure is not yet before the public, it was pronounced faulty, inasmuch as it was a scheme for an overgrown Corporation over a "vast, heterogeneous, ill-compacted area." Infinitely preferable, in the opinion of Lord Salisbury, would be a plan for the development of local self-government in smaller areas. His Lordship had, in conclusion, some pungent criticisms to offer regarding the fresh negotiations for a new Suez Canal.

Complacency and serene self-confidence personified, Mr. Chamberlain evidently entertains a tidy conceit of himself when he throws himself coolly on the Treasury Bench during the Session. The assurance of the President of the Board of Trade is not less when he airs his ideas in the pages of a magazine or on a public platform. The zeal with which Ministerialists have taken up the question of the proper housing of the poor has been surprising since the Marquis of Salisbury published his article on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings." In Mr. Chamberlain's paper in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* will be found the latest exemplification of Ministerial zeal in this direction. It must be admitted that his argument is closely reasoned, and his deduction candidly defined. Mr. Chamberlain would impose the chief cost for the construction of improved dwellings upon the landowner. Maintaining that it should be as unlawful to let unhealthy tenements as it is to sell adulterated articles, he would empower local boards either to buy condemned houses at an equitable price or to insist upon the owner's rebuilding them. Mr. Chamberlain also "starred" on Monday evening at the meeting convened by the National Liberal Federation in the Colston Hall, Bristol. There, while avowing himself quite ready to see "manhood suffrage" the rule in this country, the right hon. gentleman allowed that public feeling did not call for that measure of reform at present, but repeated that the time was ripe for the settlement of the County Franchise. The counties and London likewise demanded reform in the shape of an adequate system of local self-government. But, taking Mr. Chamberlain's Bristol speech all in all, there were more words than ideas in it.

The very strong antagonism shown on both sides of the House last Session against the Boers for their cruelties to the natives of Bechuanaland found an echo on Tuesday in the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor, who has had exceptionally good means for acquiring an accurate knowledge of the facts, presided over a meeting of citizens, addressed by the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Forster, the latter of whom valiantly asserted he was in favour of fighting rather than handing over the natives to the tender mercies of the Boers. Resolutions in accordance with this anti-slavery spirit were adopted; and they should not be without influence on the negotiations now proceeding between the Government and the delegates from the Transvaal.

The Marquis of Salisbury did not fail to crow in the City over the Conservative victory at York, where Sir F. Milner was returned by a majority of twenty-one over the Liberal candidate, Mr. Lockwood. This wresting of a seat from the Liberals (Mr. Leeman was the late member), along with other tokens of public opinion, may reasonably inspire the leader of the Conservative party with hope.

A paper on the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 was read to the Society of Arts, on Wednesday evening, by A. J. R. Trendell, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Having been present at the first representation of every new play of importance—I think I might almost say of every new play—since the month of May, 1860, now nearly four-and-twenty years ago, it would be strange if I had not acquired some experience in testing the sympathies, and studying the sentiment, of a mixed audience. From what I have seen, and what I have felt, I am convinced that young authors like Mr. Pinero make a great mistake when their cynicism takes such a sour and crabbed form as it does in the opening scenes of his new comedy, "Lords and Commons." The majority in every audience is naturally more pleased when they are presented with the tender than with the seamy side of life; and, as a rule, they are anxious to find men and women better and purer and nobler on the stage than they are outside the walls of a theatre. No doubt it is a very fine thing to tell the truth; but a man who habitually tells home truths in society is looked upon as a very disagreeable companion, and is as conspicuously shunned and avoided as the unwise preacher who is perpetually dimming out perdition from the pulpit. In society we do not care to be told across the dinner-table that we are fools; in church it is inconvenient and uncomfortable to be told that we are beyond redemption; and on the stage it is anything but pleasant to be informed that knavery and unkindness are the mainsprings of most human motive. Mr. Pinero, who is evidently a sincere admirer of his predecessor, will, doubtless, answer me that Mr. Robertson, the most popular and original dramatist of this last quarter of a century, was a cynic. He was; but what a kindly, generous, full-hearted cynic. He tried to be sour desperately hard, but failed in the attempt. He was too full of the milk of human kindness. His satire melted into a smile. With what a light and gentle whip did he castigate the society of his time. All his men and women had hearts. Even old drunken, maudlin, beer-stained Eccles must have had his good points. He was affectionate once, or Polly would not have stood his champion. "Father has his faults, but he is a very clever man." Amidst all Robertson's cynicism, tears were always rising to the surface. His swells were boobies, but they were almost feminine in their delicacy and tact; his ends were vulgar to their boots, but they were always men. It was Hugh Chalcot, the unenlightened brewer, who wanted to give a fifty pound note to the Sergeant—the honest Sergeant—afflicted with an overwhelming family; it was Hawtree, the swell, who, like a gentleman, went forward to shake hands with the little cad Gerridge, when he found what a man he was. This is why Robertson was loved and was popular. Because with all his cynicism he looked upon the best side of human nature, hoped for the best, loved the best, encouraged the best.

Sitting in the stalls of the Haymarket Theatre the other evening, it struck me with what pain of contrast Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft must have listened to the rehearsals of "Lords and Commons," and watched the artists engaged take to the ungenial characters provided for them. There could not have been much heart in their work, and yet the acting saved the play. What a set of intensely disagreeable people, the Lords quite as bad as the Commons! What shall we say of the Lords? An aged Countess, whose pride is querulousness and dignity mere contradiction; her son, an insolent upstart, whose birth and breeding have not taught him either courtesy or chivalry; her daughter, a complaining school-girl, who could not have inspired the confidence or affection of a maid-servant. Allied to this ignoble and detestable family we have the brother to the Countess, the uncle to the children, a mean, selfish, overbearing, and insolent person, who bullies his servants and pursues his way through life with hectoring assurance and wanton heartlessness. It may be true that there are such people in the world, but it would be a bad thing for the world if they were types of our aristocracy when contrasted with the people. Not, indeed, that the people in this play are very much more pleasant than their supposed superiors. Just take the case of the servants who have waited on the Caryls, and the retainers who have ministered to their wants. For the first time in the history of dramatic literature, the ancient servitor who has grown grey in service is represented as a selfish time-server ready to throw in his fortunes with anyone who will make him comfortable; for the first time the retainers of a noble house are shown to us as venting their spleen upon the down-trodden and unfortunate. Seriously, it may be asked of Mr. Pinero if life is all so bad, so cruel, so selfish as this. Do old servants of great houses desert sinking ships like rats, do the tenants of our nobility turn round and curse them when ill-fortune has laid them by the heels? Is it a fair picture of life, or is it a false one? And further let it be asked, is it strange that an audience should feel uncomfortable when human nature is represented as so degraded and self-seeking as it is in this play? Not, indeed, that the Commons are much better than the Lords. Self-interest, revenge, and ambition are the feelings they gratify, and they ride rough-shod over the world to accomplish their object, careless of the sensitiveness or the feelings of others. And yet, *au fond*, Mr. Pinero had a very good subject to treat. He wished to show how love can disarm revenge. He introduces a woman who has suffered wrong at the hands of a proud and well-bred man, and who is determined to crush and humiliate him, but love becomes her guardian angel, and turns her rancour into gentleness. To the outside spectator it looks as if Mr. Pinero had taken up a sheet of paper and began writing his play without planning it out. For two acts he evidently writes to please himself, and when he has exhausted his cynicism, or finds it will not do, he turns round and gives us two more acts in a totally different vein. The inequality between the first and second half of the play is striking. The first is laboured; the second comparatively pleasant. The first is inhuman; the second human. With the play proper, however, very few people will trouble themselves; the position of a man who cannot by voice, manner, eyes, or expression detect the woman he married only fourteen years ago seems strained and unnatural. The main interest consists of a duet between Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Mr. Forbes Robertson; but, however well they may act, however hard they may work, they cannot inspire us with affection for Mrs. Deverest, the American "woman of the people," or respect for young Lord Caryl, who has deserted his wife when he discovers she is illegitimate. They certainly do act remarkably well—Mrs. Beere with fine power and intensity; Mr. Robertson with welcome intelligence. They can save the play, but they cannot make it. There are points in Mrs. Beere's performances so valuable in point of art that it is a pity they will be wasted on so unsympathetic and difficult a character. It is only to a very few that a performance becomes artistic when the character is, on the whole, unlovable. The last act, as finished off by this clever actress, is worthy a better play.

So the public will relieve their thinking minds and consent to sit still and be tickled by what is called character. Mr. Bancroft will amuse them as an American miner, though such a person as Tom Jervoise never existed, and never could have conquered the obstinate prejudice of a Lady Nell. They will perceive the cleverness of Mrs. Stirling in steering clear of great difficulties, and they will laugh heartily whenever Mrs. Bancroft is on the stage; for in the worst part ever written is not Mrs. Bancroft refreshing and delightful? They will applaud Mr. C. Brookfield, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. Alfred Bishop for their clever and

finished sketches of the idiosyncracies of variously disagreeable individuals; and they will fall back upon the hackneyed remark that, whether they like the play or hate the play, it was very beautifully placed on the stage; though, for my own poor part, I would sooner have Triplet's garret or Nan's kitchen, with their mouldering rafters and bare boards, with a touch of nature in them, than all the sourness and cynicism and cruelty and class feeling in the world, served up with baronial halls, oak fireplaces, wide staircases, and blue china. No furniture in the world can make an unpleasant subject genial. It is the old story. We like the dinner of herbs, with love, far better than the stalled ox with hatred. But Mr. Pinero is altogether too clever, he writes too well, he is too epigrammatic and thoughtful, to be led away by the heartlessness and emptiness of the age in which he lives. Let him rise superior to the youthful cant of the present day that whatever is—is wrong. Let him try to see some good in human nature. There is a canto in "In Memoriam" (53rd), to which I would direct his attention, beginning "Oh! yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill." Can he have forgotten the memorable stanza

Behold we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring!

The dramatist who forces his pessimistic doctrines on his audience makes a very great mistake. C. S.

"ELECTRA" AT GIRTON COLLEGE.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, last week, the students of Girton College, Cambridge, performed for the benefit of their friends the "Electra" of Sophocles. This performance excited much general interest, as being the first time that a Greek drama was acted by women, and the tragedy was certainly well chosen, since the number of female characters is large, and the chorus consists of women only. Great credit is due to the students for the accuracy with which the stage was built, and all the accessories adapted to their purpose, and also for the good financial management, since they contrived, with the assistance of a village carpenter, to arrange the whole at a really trifling cost. The scenery was painted by the sister of one of the students, and represented the Palace of Agamemnon. The stage was correctly divided into proscenium and orchestra, with a thymele decorated with bays, on which stood a burning lamp. The chorus were dressed in white, while the other performers wore robes suited to their particular rôles, Clytemnestra's being most regal and imposing, with its white draped with flaring yellow, causing her to look the haughty, overbearing shrew she was. Mendelssohn's music to the "Antigone" had been adapted to the strophes and antistrophes, and these were sung while the chorus walked rhythmically in gracefully tangled evolutions. The acting was throughout so excellent that it would be invidious to specialise; but Electra deserves particular mention, if only for the fact that her rôle hardly ever permits her to leave the stage, and that for this fact, as well as for its special nature, it is fatiguing and difficult to sustain. The student's rendering of the character evinced a thorough comprehension and sympathy, and was emphasised by all that self-forgetfulness, so rare upon the true stage, so requisite in a Greek play. Though many of her speeches are long, they were never wearisome, even to those who could not follow the original, so varied were her gestures and her facial expression. Very pathetic was the recognition scene between Electra and Orestes, and also Electra's gratitude to the Paidagogos. Chrysothemis and Clytemnestra, too, entered adequately into their rôles: the acting of the latter being excellent on hearing of the death of Orestes, her natural maternal sorrow being mingled with her relief and joy that the only person left to punish her crime was now removed. The audience was a thoroughly appreciative one, and it was made clearly evident how different is the effect of a Greek play when given in a University town, where it does not seem out of place, but in harmony with the general mental atmosphere, from that when it is exotically grafted upon London society.

MUSIC.

Brief reference was made last week to the first of an extra series of three "London Ballad Concerts," given by Mr. John Boosey at St. James's Hall. The programme was a very varied and effective one, having comprised vocal performances by Madame Carlotta Patti, Misses M. Davies and Damiani, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. V. Rigby (in lieu of Mr. Lloyd, who was indisposed), Mr. Santley, and Mr. Maybrick. Among the vocal specialties were Miss Cecil Hartog's new song, "Swinging," gracefully sung by Miss M. Davies, and Mr. Maybrick's popular song, "The Owl," well rendered by himself; each of which was very favourably received. Mr. Venables' choir contributed some good part-singing, and effective violin and pianoforte solos were finely executed, respectively, by Madame Norman-Néruda and M. De Pachmann. This week's concert offered similar attractions, most of the same vocalists having been announced, together with Mr. Lloyd. Madame Carlotta Patti's brilliant singing is a welcome feature at these concerts.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert brought forward a violoncello concerto, which was performed, for the first time here, by Herr A. Fischer. The work is the composition of Herr Karl Reinecke, conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts; and is skilfully written for the display of the solo player's executive powers, but is somewhat dry as a composition. It was effectively rendered by the violoncellist, whose mechanism is better than his tone. Vocal pieces were sung, with much refinement, by Miss M. Davies; other items of the concert not calling for specific mention.

The second concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society took place this week, when Gounod's "Redemption" was repeated; the co-operation of Madame Albani in the principal soprano solo music having been, as on former occasions (including the first production of the oratorio at Birmingham), a special feature.

The first of a series of five grand national concerts, directed by Mr. William Carter, took place at the Royal Albert Hall yesterday (Friday) evening, when a selection of music of an appropriately national character was performed, the date having been that of St. Andrew's Day. The occasion was also celebrated, at the same time, by a Scotch ballad concert at St. James's Hall. The programme in each case was of a varied and attractive nature.

An interesting amateur vocal and dramatic performance is to take place at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, next Monday afternoon, the object being to aid the funds of the parish church of Easthamstead (Berkshire). Balfe's cantata, "Mazeppa," will precede a new operetta, entitled "The Ferry Girl," the music composed by Lady Arthur Hill, to a libretto adapted from the French by the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire.

The Rev. James Robertson has been elected Master of Haileybury College, in the room of Dr. Bradby.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 27.

The Parisians have been much occupied by theatrical matters during the past week; they have had to see and judge a new ballet at the Eden Théâtre and a new drama in five acts, and in verse, at the Odéon, and in both cases the judgment has been favourable. The new ballet, "Sieba," is founded on a Scandinavian legend, and the action is laid in the fifth century, partly in "Ultima Thule," partly in heaven, and partly in hell. The scenery, the apotheoses, the costumes and accessories of the twelve tableaux of this ballet are of unparalleled richness; the choreographic movements are organised on the system of kaleidoscopic effects obtained by manœuvres of battalions of men and women executed with the military precision that was so much admired in the preceding ballet of "Excelsior"; the music is resonant with brass instruments and cymbals; and the whole spectacle is blinding in its brilliance, deafening, fatiguing, and immense. "Sieba" is the triumph of the crude and the nude, but a wonderful show, all the same, and destined to excite the admiration of visitors to Paris during the coming year. At the Odéon, on the other hand, the Parisians have applauded a work of art, a drama in five acts, in verse, by the delicate and sentimental poet François Coppée. The new drama is called "Severo Torelli," and the scene is laid at Pisa in the sixteenth century, during the Florentine domination. I have not space to analyse the tragic plot of this drama, whose patriotic hero is placed in the dilemma of parricide and sacrilege. M. Coppée, in this his most important composition, has given proof of dramatic invention, and he has written a piece full of interest, emotion, and fine verse.

The theatre will continue to occupy the Parisians during the present week. On Friday Alphonse Daudet's "Rois en Exil" is to be produced at the Vaudeville; and to-night the President of the Republic and all the literary, artistic, and social notabilities of Paris will be present, by invitation, at the grand gala performance with which the new Théâtre Italien will open its doors. The new enterprise is under the management of the barytone Victor Maurel and MM. Corti, the celebrated Milanese impresarii, and the opening piece is to be Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra." The new Théâtre Italien has taken up its abode in the Théâtre Lyrique, of the Place du Châtelet, recently known as the Théâtre des Nations.

The deputies have begun the general debate on the Budget of 1884. Even the severest critics seem to agree that the finances of France are not in a bad way, compared with those of other countries. There is a heavy deficit, it is true, but M. Rouvier showed yesterday that since 1800 there always had been a deficit.

The celebrated sportsman, the Comte Frédéric de Lagrange, died in Paris last week of heart disease, at the age of sixty-eight. T. C.

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived in Madrid yesterday week, and was received by King Alfonso at the station. The Royal cortège, in passing through Madrid to the palace, was greeted most cordially by the people. His Imperial Highness attended a grand review of the Spanish troops upon the Prado at Madrid on Saturday evening, and was subsequently entertained at a state banquet in the Royal palace. On Sunday his Imperial Highness attended the ceremony of the opening of the new Academy of Jurisprudence, by the King, accompanied by the Royal family.—The King of Spain has amnestied twelve hundred soldiers who were concerned in the rising at Badajoz, the officers and sergeants being excluded from the decree.

Last Saturday evening the German Emperor returned, with his guests, from the Court hunt at Letzlingen. The Grand Duke of Hesse accompanied him to Berlin, but immediately continued his journey to Darmstadt. The streets were crowded, and his Majesty was greatly cheered by the people. Count Von Moltke has been appointed Chancellor of the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest Prussian decoration, in succession to Count Redern, deceased.

In the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on Saturday last the bill legalising marriage between Christians and Jews was adopted by a large majority as a basis for discussion of the clauses of the measure. The House also agreed to a resolution, moved by M. Iranyi, requesting the Government to introduce at an early date a bill rendering civil marriage compulsory.

On Sunday the new Waldensian Church, in the Via Nazionale, the first belonging to this denomination built in Rome, was opened.

M. Tricoups on Monday submitted the Budget to the Greek Chamber. The revenue is estimated at 84,750,450 drachmas and the expenditure at 84,352,469 drachmas.

Mr. Irving's season at New York closed last Saturday evening. He appeared in the first act of "Richard III." and "The Belle's Stratagem." He then recited "Eugene Aram." The theatre was densely crowded with an audience which manifested its enthusiasm by almost continuous applause. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry were called forward fifteen times during the evening. A beautiful laurel wreath was presented to Mr. Irving. Before the recitation he made a brief speech. Mr. Irving's reception at Philadelphia on Monday was extremely cordial, and his "Louis XI." proved an unqualified success.—On Monday the hundredth anniversary was celebrated in New York of the evacuation of that city by the British troops. A monster procession passed through the streets, and there was a naval parade in the harbour. A statue of Washington was unveiled in front of the sub-Treasury. Notwithstanding the continuous rain, the streets were crowded all day. Our last issue contained a two-page engraving showing the American troops occupying New York on Nov. 25, 1783.

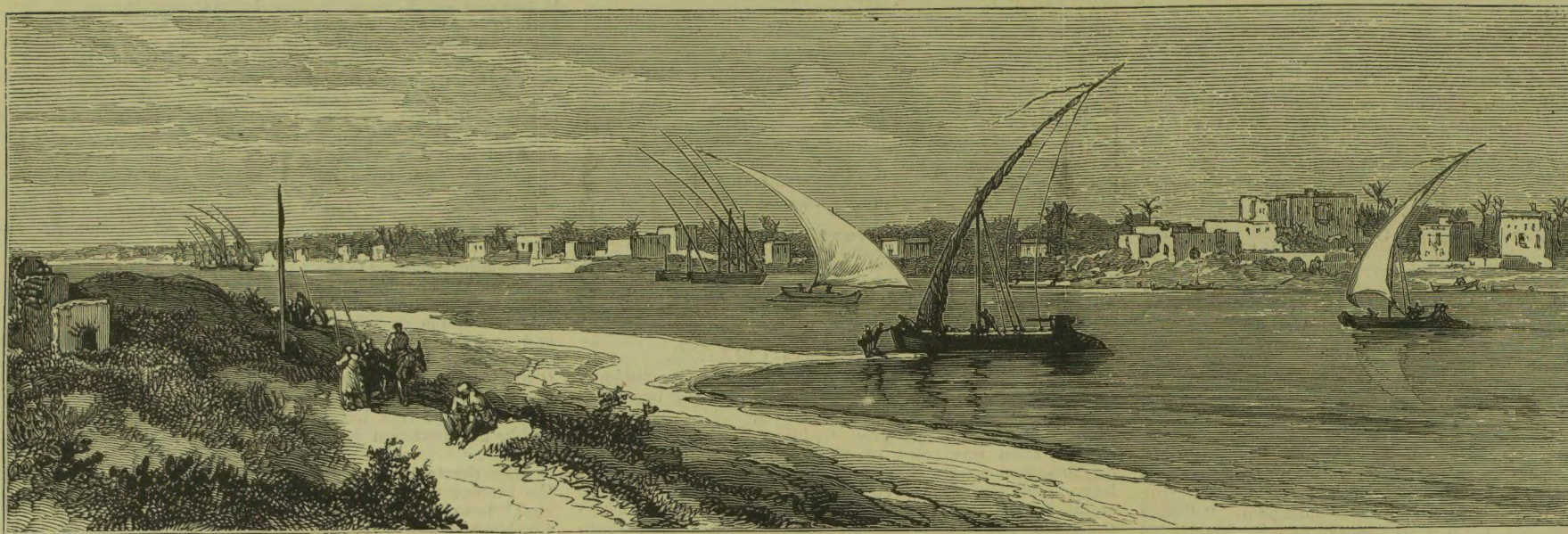
The Grand Council of Indians of Ontario, representing the twenty-seven bands of Indians in the province, has presented an address of welcome to the Marquis of Lansdowne, on his assuming the duties of the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion. The address gratefully acknowledges the desire that has always been shown to deal fairly with the American aborigines under the British Crown. Lord Lansdowne replied in very cordial terms.

Sir John Glover, G.C.M.G., has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland, in succession to Sir Henry Fitzhardinge Berkeley Maxse, K.C.M.G.

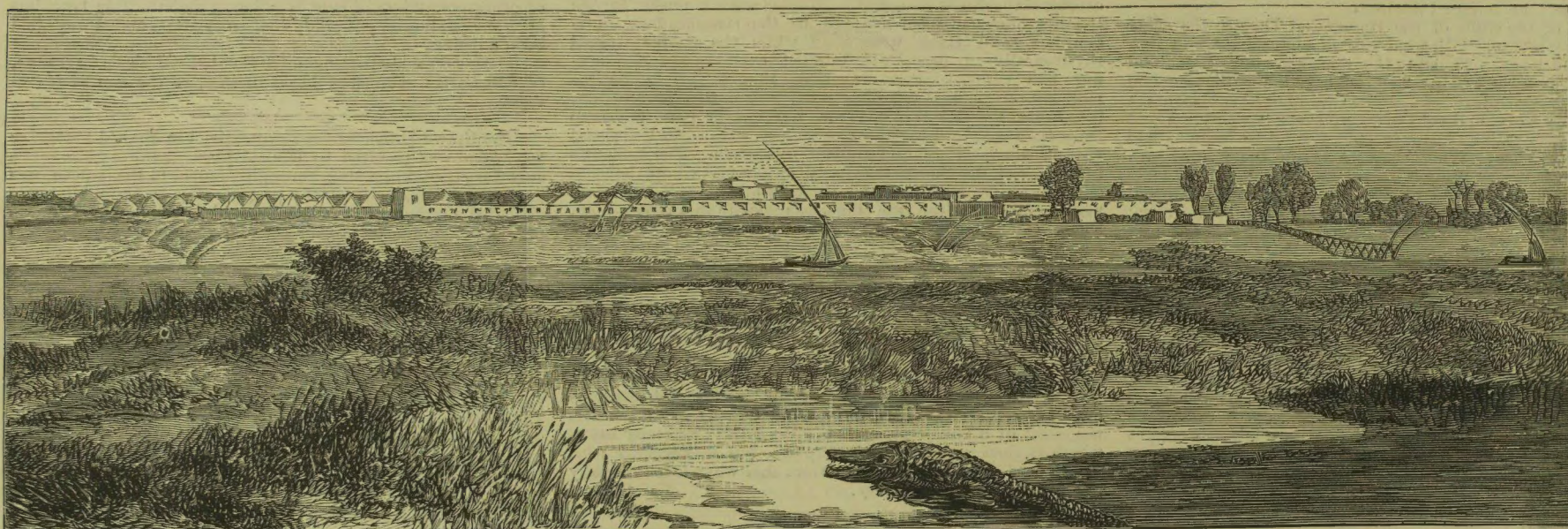
It is announced from Durban that Northern Zululand is in a state of anarchy. On the 17th ult. a party of Usutis, headed by Umnyamana, defeated a portion of Usibepu's army. Cetewayo is still at Ekowe.

The opening ceremony of the Calcutta Exhibition next Tuesday, to be presided over by the Viceroy, will be attended by the Duke of Connaught, Sir James Fergusson, Governor of Bombay, and the chief British and native functionaries throughout India.—Major-General Sir Peter Stark Lumsden, K.C.B., C.S.I., has been appointed a Member of the Council of India, in succession to General Sir Henry W. Norman, K.C.B., C.I.E., appointed Governor of Jamaica.

THE GREAT MILITARY DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN.



KHARTOUM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUDAN, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE BLUE AND WHITE NILE.



FASHODA, THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE SHILLOOK COUNTRY, ON THE WHITE NILE.



SOUAKIM, THE SEA-PORT OF NUBIA AND OF KHARTOUM, ON THE RED SEA.



EXULTATION. DRAWN BY S. BERKLEY.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28.

As to Foreign Securities there are still reasons for thinking that values will, with minor fluctuations, continue to contract for some time to come. A Franco-Chinese war is now regarded as having already virtually commenced. This must in the end prove a severe blow to many financial interests on the Continent, more particularly those that centre immediately in Paris. At the time of writing, very little is known on this side as to the real result of the new *Crédit Foncier* issue; but, without waiting for full details, which will, perhaps, only be forthcoming in piecemeal and at long intervals, it may without much risk of error be assumed that the issue will be no more of a real success than was its predecessor, the bulk of which is still held by the syndicates who originally took it. To allow the issue to wholly fail would have been nothing short of a disaster. On the other hand, by placing a part of it only in the hands of a syndicate already overburdened with other classes of securities that are unmarketable in really large blocks, is merely to increase the present state of financial tension in the French capital, and to make the situation more sensitive to a possible shock to credit a little later on, should one be actually maturing, as many keen and well-informed observers now fear. Assuming the vague sense of uneasiness that undoubtedly exists throughout the Continental Bourses to be much exaggerated, it is nevertheless so deep seated as to amount almost to a conviction that evil is impending; and, as this feeling is likely to weigh for some time on the markets, I am still of opinion that investors in foreign bonds, by waiting, will be able to buy to better advantage than they now could.

As to the Egyptian affairs much is being said. About what line of policy the English Government will follow in the present emergency we can hardly speculate upon with advantage. It has been laid down broadly that British interests in Egypt can only be conserved by assuring political tranquillity in the country, and as this object must be co-extensive with a maintenance of the financial edifice in a stable condition, the latter will not fail to receive close and careful consideration. What has occurred can be considered as for the moment upsetting recent sanguine estimates on this head only in so far as it will necessitate the retention of a large British force in Egypt at the expense, to a great extent, of the native exchequer. This, however, is not a very serious concern; but should later developments lead to more than this, the position would require reconsidering. There has again been some talk of a possible revision of the law of liquidation; but the consent of too many conflicting interests would be required to this end to make such a contingency probable. Whether, from one cause or another, the position of the United Stock may not undergo some sort of modification is, on the other hand, a point on which scarcely any two persons in the City can be got to agree; yet, beyond the possibility of a new large creation, which would doubtless interfere with the application of the sinking fund, and thereby impair to some extent the market value of the stock, it is difficult to see in what way that portion of the debt could be interfered with without a revision of the international agreement referred to.

The Hudson's Bay meeting of last week has had a totally unexpected result. The proceedings were somewhat stormy, because several shareholders made complaints against the competency and even the integrity of some of the chief officers in Canada; but Sir John Rose (the deputy-governor of the company) replied to the various charges in a careful and valuable speech, and the shareholders adopted the report, and left without troubling to record their votes as to the re-election of the governor, deputy-governor, and committee. But on the following day it was made known that Mr. Donald A. Smith, who endorsed much if not all that was said against the management of the company, had recorded his vote in such a manner as to quite disarrange the board. As the largest shareholder, he could easily do this if the general body of the shareholders were unaware of such an intention, as they certainly were on this occasion. It is felt by the one side that such a course is little in accord with what is usual here; but Mr. Smith explains that in advance of the meeting he made known to the governor that he should take exception to the report; and it is understood that only when the asked-for inquiry was opposed by the board did he think to cast his vote in the way he did. Mr. Smith further claims the confidence of his co-shareholders on the ground that he is the largest shareholder (having, I believe, about £100,000 of stock), that for forty years he was in the company's service in Canada, that he is now resident in Canada, and therefore that he is competent to judge of what he speaks, and is not likely to do anything to injure his and their property. Such I believe to be a fair rendering of the position of either side. Such a conflict between well-known Canadian giants is apparently regarded as "good sport" by some; but those who know the eminent services which Sir John Rose has rendered to Canadian commercial, political, and social interests during his residence in this country will hear of his displacement with something like pain. Had the subject been submitted to the shareholders, the result would, I feel confident, have been very different. T. S.

"EXULTATION."

Whether in Asia or in Africa, there is a strong community of feeling, and a similarity of habit and expression, among the half-barbarous nations of the Desert professing the religion of Mohammed. This picture of the chief of a Bedouin tribe, out for a raid of irregular and predatory warfare, galloping in front of the party, and in the wild excitement of their triumph, with an exulting cry, tossing his scimitar into the air, might perhaps truly represent the gesture of some commander in the vast and motley horde led by the Mahdi, composed of different tribes of Nubian Arabs mixed with the negroes of Kordofan and Darfur, whose overwhelming multitude has destroyed the Egyptian army in one terrible conflict. There has been little apparent change, of character or of costume, in the uncivilised populations of the East, and those of Northern Africa, since the era of the first Mussulman conquests; but their possession, in some measure, of the weapons of modern war, though probably three-fourths of the Mahdi's followers are only armed with spears and swords, renders them more formidable when they rise, over an immense extent of ungoverned territory, and swoop down upon the widely separated forts and stations of the Khedive's feeble administration. The Mahdi, indeed, before his recent victory, was reported to have fourteen pieces of artillery, 15,000 Remington rifles, and a numerous cavalry, while the total force under his command was estimated at from 200,000 to 300,000 men. If the spirit prevailing in this great host is anything like that of the leading horseman in our Artist's drawing of "Exultation," after the great battle we have just heard of, it will be no easy task for any military Power to put the Mahdi down.

Messrs. Clayton and Bell, of Regent-street, have been appointed glass painters to the Queen.

THE COURT.

Upon her Majesty's return to Windsor a large family party assembled at the castle, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice. Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught also arrived, and will remain with the Queen during their parents' absence in India. The Crown Prince of Portugal has also paid a few days' visit to her Majesty, during which he enjoyed some good shooting with the Princess and a large party over the Royal preserves. Last Saturday the Dean of Windsor was invested by the Queen with the ribbon and badge of the Registrar of the Order of the Garter. Divine service was performed at the castle on Sunday by the Dean of Windsor and Canon Rowsell, the Royal family attending. Numerous visitors have been entertained by the Queen at dinner, including the Portuguese Minister and Madame d'Antas, Earl and Countess Granville, the Premier, and the suites of the respective Royal visitors, with various members of the Royal household. Princess Christian has been a frequent visitor to her Majesty. Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse have daily rides, and her Majesty has taken her usual out-of-door exercise. £50 has been sent by her Majesty for the relief fund of the Altham colliery accident.

Mr. Gerald Montague Augustus Ellis is to be Page of Honour to her Majesty, vice Frederic Walter Kerr, resigned.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park. The next day, after attending a meeting of the members of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road, he left for Sandringham. His Royal Highness, with the Princess and his daughters, was at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Sandringham Park, on Sunday, Divine service being performed by the Rector and the Rev. Canon Fleming. Their Royal Highnesses have entertained a large party during the week, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian being among the guests. To-day (Saturday) is the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Princess's birthday. A Royal meet of the West Norfolk foxhounds is to be held at Sandringham House, when the testimonial subscribed by the members of the hunt, at the suggestion of the Prince, to Mr. Hamond, late Master of the Hounds, will be presented by his Royal Highness. The picture represents Mr. and Mrs. Hamond, and the huntsmen and whips, mounted, in the midst of the pack at the covert side.

Prince Albert Victor witnessed the first representation of the "Birds" of Aristophanes in the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, given by the students of the University on Tuesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went from Windsor Castle on Monday to Longleat, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath. Their Royal Highnesses were met at Frome Station by their host. The Duke, in command of the Channel Squadron, will hoist his flag on board her Majesty's ship *Minotaur* within a few days.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had an enthusiastic reception in India; at Bombay a public fair was held and a general holiday observed, and the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the Cama Hospital for Women and Children. Their Royal Highnesses left Bombay for Meerut last Saturday, Ahmedabad and other places en route giving them hearty greeting. From Meerut they proceeded to Calcutta.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has visited the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar at Portsmouth, when he inspected the dockyard and forts; his Royal Highness has also been to Wycombe Abbey, as the guest of Lord Carrington, for shooting. The Prince has been nominated, by desire, as a member of the New Club, and he has accepted the honorary membership of the Empire Club.

Before a distinguished company, which included Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the students of Cambridge gave the first representation of "The Birds" of Aristophanes, in the Theatre Royal there on Tuesday night. We defer a more particular account till next week, as we shall probably give an illustration of the performance.

Letts's Diaries, Pocket-Books, and Calendars for the coming year make their appearance every December more surely, and far more welcome, than fog and snow. In a parcel just received from that firm are an office diary for 1884, quarto size, bound in calf, and provided with lock and key; a small folio diary, in cloth, with an entire page for each day; a scribbling journal of the same size; and one or two octavo ones. Their pocket-books of various kinds are of everyday practical use; and they issue neat calendars for hanging up.

Sir Charles Dilke gave an address at the West London Tabernacle yesterday week—the occasion being the opening of a new organ—directing attention to the general progress made in church music in modern times, and to the excellence of the ecclesiastical music of Western Europe.—Sir Charles Dilke continues his exploration of London byways. On Monday he visited some of the worst parts of Westminster, accompanied by one of the Medical Inspectors of the Local Government Board; and on Tuesday he visited White Horse-yard, Drury-lane, accompanied by Dr. Ballard.

"The Lark," a new monthly publication set on foot by Mr. C. Bennett, for the purpose of giving to the people a noble literature in a cheap form, makes a new bid for public favour in the current number. It contains twenty-nine fine poems, most of them being copyrights, by Tennyson and other well-known bards. Nor is this a mere spur; for we are assured that Mr. Gladstone will begin contributing to "The Lark" in January next, and that Lord Houghton, Archbishop Trench, and twenty other poets of note will have verses in it. Going on in this way "The Lark" must needs be a success.

In anticipation of the opening of the First Avenue Hotel to the public, the new buildings were inspected last week by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who assembled at the invitation of the directors. The site in Holborn, nearly opposite the northern end of Chancery-lane, is admirably suited to those who have business at the new Palace of Justice. Occupying about an acre of land in the main thoroughfare of Holborn, ample opportunity was afforded for an attractive and imposing façade, of which the proprietary company have not been slow to avail themselves. The central entrance is a noble archway of stone, opening to a vestibule paved with mosaics, and tastefully decorated with variegated marbles, whence access is had on the same level to the reception and drawing rooms, the large dining-room, or rather hall, capable of accommodating nearly four hundred visitors, the grill-room, the buffet, and the library and writing-room. All the saloons on the ground floor are arranged and decorated in a tasteful and classic style. The upper floors are devoted to sleeping and private apartments, most luxuriously furnished and replete with every comfort—which, indeed, is vouched for by the fact that the furnishing was intrusted to Messrs. Maple, of Tottenham-court-road, whose contract, we are informed, amounts to £70,000.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Alderman Dantsey's Charity, value £10,000, for the establishment of a county public school, has been conferred by the Charity Commissioners upon Devizes.

The *Scotsman* is informed that the Moderator-elect for the General Assembly of 1884 is the Rev. Peter M'Kenzie, D.D., minister of Ferintosh, parish of Urquhart, Ross-shire.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, American Minister in London, has been elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrew's by a majority of eighteen over Mr. E. Gibson, M.P.

M. Waddington will preside at the next annual dinner, to be held at Willis's Rooms on Feb. 2, in aid of the funds of the French Hospital in London.

Dr. Anderson, of Newry, on Monday received from the Lord Lieutenant his appointment as Professor of Natural History in Queen's College, Galway.

The results of the Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester in September show a net balance of £1716 11s. 9d. available for charitable distribution in the dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford.

At a general meeting of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, held last week, Mr. W. P. Burton, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. W. Averst Ingram, Mr. J. Macculloch, and Mr. Thomas Pyne were elected members.

A silver épergne, the gift of unattached students, past and present, at Oxford, has been presented to the Rev. G. Kitchen, Dean of Winchester, in recognition of the great services he had rendered them as first censor.

Mr. Joseph Graham, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, in place of the late Mr. Talfourd Salter, Q.C. Mr. Graham was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1852.

The Birmingham *Daily Post* states that Mr. G. F. Muntz, of Umberslade, has given £2000 to the endowment fund of the Jaffray Hospital; and that Mr. Jaffray has received an intimation from Mr. Walter Showell of his intention to give the first donation of £500.

The Civil Service Commissioners are about to hold an examination for six additional assistant examiners to the staff of the Patent Office, at a salary commencing at £250 per annum, and rising by £37 10s. triennially to a maximum of £400 per annum.

A deputation from the Common Council of the City of London waited on Sir Moses Montefiore at East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, on Thursday week, and presented him with the address voted by the Council to the venerable Baronet on his attainment of his hundredth year.

The School Board for London on Thursday week discussed for close upon four hours the Stores question. The result was the adoption of a resolution expressive of the opinion that it was expedient that the supply of books, stationery, apparatus, &c., through the Stores should be continued.

William Wolff, said to be of German or Polish extraction, was brought up yesterday week at Bow-street charged with having in his possession two infernal machines, which, it is suspected, were intended to be used in blowing up the German Embassy. The prisoner denied all knowledge of the explosives, declaring they belonged to a Frenchman who lodged in his house in Vincent-square, Westminster. Wolff was remanded.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and other Civic officials, attended in state at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon, when the prizes won during the past year by the members of the London Rifle Brigade were presented to the successful competitors by the Lady Mayoress. The chief winners were Private McDougall, Cadet Seabrook, Captain Earl Waldegrave, Corporal Page, Private Saw, Quartermaster-Sergeant Stuckey, Private Desmond, Private Pickard, Corporal Cocks, and Corporal Roshon, the last-named of whom was awarded a gold watch and the regimental gold medal for the best shot in the brigade, the band playing "The Conquering Hero" as he ascended the platform.

There were 2482 births and 1670 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 163, and the deaths 106, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 49 from measles, 41 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 29 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 32 from enteric fever, 17 from dysentery, and 2 from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose last week to 493, and exceeded the corrected weekly average by one. Different forms of violence caused 43 deaths: 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 14 from fractures and confusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and nine of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

At the Norfolk Fat Cattle Show which was held on Thursday week, the Queen took first prize for shorthorn heifers and first prize for three white pigs. The Prince of Wales took first prize for cross-bred oxen, and Princess Louise first prize for red polled heifers. Mr. Stephenson, of Newcastle, won the champion prize in the cattle class with a black polled Scot. Mr. Colman, M.P., was a considerable winner in the cattle classes with the local red polled breed, and also, with Lord Walsingham, won a prize for Southdown sheep.—The Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show, to be held on Dec. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, bids fair to be the most successful ever held in Bingley Hall. Prince and Princess Christian have arranged to visit the show on Dec. 3.—The Annual Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs will take place on the same days, and will, as usual, be held in Curzon Hall.—The annual Smithfield Show at Leeds, which lasts three days, was opened on Tuesday. The prizes amount to nearly £600, and the entries number close upon 1000. Among the prize-takers were the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Zetland, and Mr. Loder, M.P.

Mr. Herkomer's School of Art at Bushey was opened last Saturday, and the students began on Monday morning. There was no formal ceremony. The students had been asked to assemble in the large oak-panelled studio, and there, at two in the afternoon, they had the pleasure of listening to an address, in which Mr. Herkomer told them clearly the main points of his scheme—how he intended to help them and how they must help him. He explained to them that there was no mercenary or business motive in the affair, but that they were there to learn and to help forward a scheme which would benefit future generations of art-students. Telling them what he should expect from them in the way of thorough, earnest, and painstaking work, he then passed to what the students might expect from him. He would not bind himself to come to the school at any fixed time, but would come as often as his engagements permitted or the welfare of the students demanded, and he would sometimes go away for a space sketching or landscape-painting. With a few words of advice and of the sacred duty which devolved upon all of making the most of their faculties and gifts, not for themselves alone, but for others, Mr. Herkomer finished his address. In the evening about fifty students and friends sat down to dinner in Mr. Herkomer's studio.



DOUBTS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. F. BREWNALL, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Winter Exhibition at the Gallery in Suffolk-street increases in interest with the accession of new members. New ideas crop up, new influences have sway—derived by art-students from the schools of Paris, Antwerp, and even Italy—above all, the determination of many of our young artists to go directly to nature is apparent. With these some obsolescent forms of picture-manufacture and studio-conventionality may still be compared—more instructively here, perhaps, than elsewhere. Yet this gallery is not the stronghold of uninstructed and unobtrusive mediocrity it once was. There remains too much that is commonplace; but there are signs of effort, and in fresh directions.

The improvement seems to have commenced with the introduction of works by the Scotch painters, J. R. Reid and J. White. In a former article we have remarked that there is some affinity between the Scotch school and a section of the French, particularly in landscape; which may have arisen from an earlier appreciation of the latter than with us. But in rendering the external aspect of nature with the vividness, and often not a little of the slightness, of the impressionist, the Scotch painters seldom convey a sense of thoroughness. Neither their observation nor their method seems to permit them to realise the delicacies of form and gradation which give completeness and permanent value and interest. "The Young Bud" (316), by Mr. White, we shall engrave. There is little modelling in the figure of the "Field Woman" (375), by Miss Flora Reid, who sometimes rivals her brother closely. Mr. Reid is represented by "An Old Harbour" (197): a sketch fairly complete as such. Similar characteristics will be found in the contributions of Horace Cauty, F. Whitehead (188), Sydney Starr (143), S. G. Rowe (310), and O. Dalziel; and Messrs. A. F. Grace and T. F. Goodall seem to have come under the same influence. "Our Garden" (534), by A. Proctor, is also a skilful bit of impression; while No. 386, by W. Monat Loudon, and some others appear to evince more direct French inspiration. One of the best works of the class is "Floods" (144), by W. H. Gore—an effect of autumnal evening sky reflected in the water overflow, with dead reeds in the shallows, and the distance and mid-distance admirably unified in accordance with the effect. In this connection we may fitly notice Edwin Ellis's scenes on the Yorkshire coast, and particularly another larger coast-scene called "Mad March" (332), though an exuberant relish for strong colour and plenty of paint, and dashing handling, are more obvious than fidelity to fact, even if we concede the absence of detail or subtlety of observation. Nevertheless, in the last-named picture the sweeping in of the long, swelling intensely-blue waves, as they flash in white foam against the pier, and the drifting of the grey clouds with the gale, hit the mark fairly as a whole, and evince unquestionable power.

Leslie Thompson, a new member, is another artist who aims at broad effects, and general rather than particular character. He is fairly represented in "Twice: Evening" (22). Remarkable for breadth also is L. Calkin's "After the Storm" (550), an old soldier seated with a child by the wayside, under an evening sky cleared after rain that has filled the ruts of the road. This differs widely in method from a capital portrait of Herr Wolf by the artist which we noticed at the Grosvenor Gallery, but it is scarcely less admirable; and if Mr. Calkin is the very young painter we understand him to be, he should "go far." W. C. Symons is also a colourist of marked promise, who aims to strike at once the local hue, or *tache*, as the French express it. His picture, called "Sunday Morning" (213)—if the young lady equipped for church is not very winning—contains much skilful painting in the figure, and flowery parterres before the quaint old porch. Two landscapes, by James Grace, with the often-repeated birch-stems in the foreground, have his usual refinement, but we prefer the more novel "A Clouded Moon" (64). H. Caffieri's landscapes present his wonted play of tender colouring, if of somewhat arbitrary quality.

"A Dancer" (133), a nude female figure, by A. Hill, is painstaking and creditable; but if the severe tests which such work challenges were applied, it would have to be objected that the attitude is stiff, the lines too straight, and the type of form scarcely feminine, particularly in the pelvic region. Nothing struck us more here in its kind of technical skill than a small picture, quite indeed *à la* Meissonier in scale and finish, without sacrifice of spirit, than J. Charlton's "After a Good Run" (417), a group of hunting men, horses, and fox-

hounds about a wayside inn. There appears to us to be much more observation and art in this little picture than in J. S. Noble's huge canvas of a cart-horse and donkeys at feed, which occupies a post of honour. We have spoken well, as they deserved, of earlier works by this artist, but they were in better taste, more solid, and less imitative of Landseer's handling than this. Dandy Sadler sends one of his country anglers (291), happy with a moderate size perch—a larger picture, but hardly so humorous as usual; and L. C. Henley has another sentimental monk conscientiously wrought out. The street urchins and fancy heads by A. Ludovici are as pleasant as ever; the "Orphans" (196), a small group by the President, J. Burr, has charm of colour; and a female bust repeated in a mirror, by W. Holyoake, is broadly and well painted. We regret to see a growing flimsiness in J. Morgan's general treatment compared with that of former years. The most elaborate example, "Lady Audley's Marriage" (303), has touches of obvious humour, and of equally obvious vulgar caricature. Haynes King never did quite so well, perhaps (a remark seldom to be made of the members of long-standing who confine themselves to a limited range of subjects), as in his cottage scene of a girl anxiously "Getting Granny's Opinion" (218) on her lover's letter. Carlton A. Smith, too, a painter of a similar class of subjects, has made a decided advance in a picture of an old woman and girl mending nets. Very characteristic and deftly executed are the cleanly-painted studies of cleanly farmers and country labourers by J. Hayllar. No need to dwell, nor can we do so in our failing space, on work so well known as J. Peel's landscapes, the marines of G. S. Walters, the rustic genre of J. Gow, E. J. Cobbett, and the brothers Holmes, the nondescript fancies of A. J. Woolmer, and the architectural subjects of W. Bayliss; and we must be content to commend to the visitor W. H. Weatherhead's "Old Chelsea Pensioner" (503), see the capitally modelled head; T. Davidson's "Disputed Authority," No. 96, by C. Wyllie; "The Huntsman's Chorus" (21), by J. E. Soden; "A Moorish Chief" (487), by P. Pavey; the marine pieces of J. Frazer; "Breakfast Time" (16), by L. Wyburd; "Dinan, Brittany" (159), by J. S. Hodson; and "At the Fall of the Leaf" (80), by S. Muschamp.

In the water-colour room are noteworthy drawings by Bernard Evans, A. W. Weedon, C. B. Kennington, H. R. Steer, W. P. Cornish, R. Huttula, and others. Bernard Evans's drawings evince qualities recalling some of our early masters of water-colours; though the vigour displayed is somewhat demonstrative, it is accompanied by delicate draughtsmanship, especially in the expression of far-off reaches of distance.

T. J. G.

Mr. Henry Thomas Cole, Q.C., of the Western Circuit, has been elected Treasurer of the Middle Temple. Mr. Cole is Recorder of Plymouth and Devonport.

A M'Mahon Law Studentship at St. John's College, Cambridge, of the value of £150 per annum, for four years, has been awarded to Gilbert Rowland Alston, B.A., LL.B., of the Inner Temple.

In our description, last week, of the Lahore Government College and the Senate Hall of the Punjab University, we should have mentioned that the architect of both these buildings is a native, Rai Keenhya Lal, of the Institute of Civil Engineers, another example of the abilities of educated natives for all the scientific and learned professions.

On Monday the House of Lords gave judgment in the case of "Speight and others v. Gaunt," in which Mr. Gaunt had handed £15,275 trust money to a stockbroker for investment, but the latter had absconded with the money. Vice-Chancellor Bacon had directed Mr. Gaunt to make good the loss, but the Court of Appeal reversed the judgment on the ground that Mr. Gaunt had taken the usual prudent business precautions. The House of Lords confirmed this judgment, and dismissed the appeal against it.

George Warden, late secretary of the River Plate Banking Company, having on Monday pleaded guilty, at the Central Criminal Court, to the theft of various foreign securities to the value of over £100,000 from the River Plate Bank, was sentenced to penal servitude for twelve years. The trial of John Davis Watters, accused of receiving the securities knowing them to have been stolen, was next proceeded with; and on Tuesday he was found guilty, the punishment awarded to him being also twelve years' penal servitude.

"DOUBTS."

If doubts—reasonable, legitimate doubts—were not often disregarded, how many a false step in life should we not be spared? We recall the doubts we have stifled, and are wise after the event, but too late. In deciding on the most momentous of all contracts, how often would not life-long misery, regrets—remorse even—have been avoided, if the vague or obvious cause for distrust had not been disregarded. On the other hand, doubts may be groundless, absurd, unjust to others or ourselves, and our happiness may be wrecked by them. Youth is generally hopeful, trustful, confiding, but it is sometimes also doubtful, and distrustful from sheer timidity, inexperience, and a too modest estimate of itself. We prefer to assume that such is the case in reference to the sweet and candid young lady, pondering dubiously over the letter from her lover which she holds in her hand, in the picture we have engraved. The accessories indicate that she has a comfortable home among the well-to-do middle-class, and perhaps the *pretendu* has the fault of being poor. Perhaps she fancies her own great love cannot be sufficiently returned, or perhaps she may think herself unworthy of the man who has honoured her with his choice. Whatever the painter's intention, whatever the gentle reader's version, the "motive" of the picture, however frequently repeated, is always susceptible of a new reading, and always affords an excellent apology for a picture with a single female figure. We have to add that the artist is Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, a rising member of the Royal Water Colour Society, who is equally at home in oil-painting, as we see in this example at the exhibition (reviewed in another column) of the Society of British Artists, of which society he has also become a member. In the same exhibition Mr. Brewtnall has a vigorous little picture of a boy essaying to launch his toy boat on a rough sea.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

Some elegant specimens of hand-painted ivory and ivoryine Christmas cards have been received from Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon-street.

Among the richly-varied designs for Christmas and New-Year Cards sent by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., of Milton-street, City, the most noticeable are—views on the Isis, in the Lake district, on the Wye, and etchings round about Stratford-on-Avon; then there is a legion of others, too numerous to particularise—groupings of flowers and graceful children, interspersed with quaintly-comic subjects—all marked by good taste.

Late in the field, yet quite to the fore-front as regards originality and grace of design and excellence of workmanship, comes a batch of Christmas and New-Year cards from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Chandos-street, including four-fold cards, triptychs, and various seasonable illustrations and dainty devices, beautifully coloured.

We have also received some tasteful Christmas and New-Year cards from Mr. Albert Marx, of Jewin-street.

Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., of Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, have sent us specimens of their latest novelties in Christmas crackers, for which this firm is noted, and which have been specially prepared for the ensuing festive season.

A few novelties in the way of Christmas cosques have also been received from Messrs. Sparagapane and Co., of Milton-street, City.

Our Portrait of the late Lord Overstone is from a photograph by Mr. Burraud, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

Sir Robert Rawlinson, C.B., has accepted the presidency of the autumnal congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, to be held in Dublin in October, 1884.

General Mite and Miss Millie Edwards, the Royal American Midgents, have returned to England, having visited nearly all the capitals on the Continent. The General has not grown an inch, and is no heavier than when last in London.

Supported by Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. W. E. Forster, and other speakers, a resolution was unanimously passed by a crowded meeting at the Mansion House on Tuesday, expressing a hope that, in any arrangements concluded with the Transvaal Delegates, the boundary line fixed in 1881 would be adhered to, and provision made for the protection of the tribes bordering on the Transvaal, as well as for the restoration of order in Bechuanaland.

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Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section; Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

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THE DAILY NEWS' WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE SOUDAN.

There seems to be little doubt of the lamentable death, among the other brave Englishmen who have perished with the Egyptian army in the Soudan, of this intrepid traveller and enterprising journalist, whose achievements in Central Asia lately won a high degree of public admiration. He is one of those, like the late Mr. James MacGahan and Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose brilliant services have done honour both to themselves and to the management of the *Daily News*, a journal which has, during fourteen years past, excelled all other newspapers in the quality of its special war correspondence, and has procured a vast amount of interesting descriptive information from remote regions previously deemed inaccessible, where important military or political movements were going on. Some of Mr. O'Donovan's letters from the army of Hicks Pasha, relating its march across the Nubian desert to the Nile, its subsequent advance from Khartoum in a south-west direction and its entrance into Kordofan upon a desperately arduous and perilous campaign, have appeared in that Journal since Midsummer last; and the earlier portions which have been republished upon the occasion of the recent disastrous news, as well as those which only then came to hand, must be read now with painful interest, proving as they do his shrewd perception of the danger, as well as the manly courage with which he, and doubtless his companions, went forward in the performance of their chosen task.

Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, whose Portrait we here reproduce from our Number of Jan. 27, was in the prime of life, and was a man of education, being son of the late Dr. O'Donovan, Professor of Celtic Philology in the Queen's University of Ireland. His connection with the *Daily News* began in 1876; and, during the war between Russia and Turkey, in 1877 and 1878, he was with the Turkish army in Asia Minor and Armenia, where he was an eye-witness of every battle and siege, and contributed some of the most valuable parts of the correspondence narrating the incidents of that war, soon afterwards collected and edited in one volume by Mr. J. R. Robinson, the able manager of the *Daily News*. In the Carlist civil war of Spain, Mr. O'Donovan discharged a similar office; but in 1879 he went through Russia to the shores of the Caspian, visited the north of Persia and the adjacent territory of Khorassan, the Russian outposts on the Attrek, and the land of the Tekke Turcomans, whom Russia was then preparing to subdue. He arrived at Merv, a district singularly isolated from the rest of the world, an oasis in the desert, where he made the acquaintance of those barbarous people, and gained their confidence by the courageous frankness and straightforwardness of his personal demeanour, as well as by his prudence and discretion, while he earnestly disclaimed all authority to promise them British support. They wanted him to become a Mussulman, and to dwell there as a ruling chieftain; but this he declined, though he sojourned five months among them, and lent his advice and assistance to their provisional government, which was administered by the tribal chiefs Aman Niaz and Baba Khan. All this time Mr. O'Donovan continued, as often as he could get an opportunity, to send his letters to the *Daily News*; and the adventurous novelty of the writer's situation enhanced the interest of his curious revelations of Turcoman life. He



MR. EDMOND O'DONOVAN,
"DAILY NEWS" CORRESPONDENT IN THE SOUDAN.

returned to England in 1881, and his book, "The Merv Oasis," was published in two volumes in the February of the present year. A new and cheaper edition, in one volume, has just now been announced. The London newspaper press should be proud of the exploits of such gallant servants as this adventurous Irishman, whose fate will be deplored not less than that of the British and German military officers, unfortunately doomed to perish in the ill-advised Soudan expedition.

The annual students' conversazione and presentation of prizes of the North London School of Art was held on Monday evening in the school-room of the Kingsland Congregational Church, the prizes, consisting of Government School of Art certificates and some local awards, being presented to the successful pupils by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The school, which was founded in 1868, is under the direction of Mr. Charles Swinstead, and is in a highly prosperous condition.

A SIAMESE COURT CEREMONIAL.

At the Siamese Embassy, 2, Cornwall Mansions, Cornwall-gardens, on Monday, the ceremony of investing Prince Prisdang, the Ambassador here, with the Royal Family Order of Chula Chom Klao and that of the Crown of Siam, called Maha Surabhorn, was performed, in the presence of many invited visitors. Earl Granville was prevented from attending by absence from town, but the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, with Sir Julian Pauncefote, was present; and there were representatives of the French Embassy and of the German Embassy, while the United States' Minister, the Spanish and the Dutch Ministers, and several others, appeared on the occasion. Mr. Frederick Verney, Mr. W. H. Wyke, and Mr. Ramsey, of the Siamese Legation, and Mr. D. K. Mason, Consul-General for Siam, with the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, in charge of the Siamese students in England, assisted in explaining matters to the European visitors.

The ceremony was performed on behalf of his Majesty the King of Siam, whose name is Chulalongkorn, by three Special Commissioners, Prince Varariddhi, Prince Sonapandit, and Prince Swasti. These, with Prince Prisdang, having first received the visitors in the drawing-room, passed into an adjoining room, where, on a dais in front of the portrait of the King of Siam, a fauteuil had been placed as representing a throne. The room was decorated with flowers and with palm-trees in pots. Covering the centre of the parquet floor was a large square of carpet. The Siamese dresses worn by those who took an official part except Prince Sonapandit, who wore a staff uniform, and the various military and official uniforms, had a showy effect. The proceeding began with the reading of the Royal proclamation in Siamese by the Secretary to the Mission and that of three Royal warrants authorising the investiture. The chief of the Special Mission, who wore a white tunic, to the breast which several Orders were attached, having taken his stand on the dais in front of the throne, Prince Prisdang, whose dress was of cloth of gold, knelt before him. The various insignia, consisting of gold vessels set with jewels and of articles of embroidered purple velvet, were passed to the Chief of the Mission, who presented them to Prince Prisdang. Among these was the gold diploma, or "Phra Subhanabat," conferring the higher princely rank; the diploma was a slip of pure gold, with the Royal order written thereupon. This valuable document had a suitable gold box to contain it. The Chief of the Mission then fastened round the Prince's neck the narrow pink silk collar of the Family Order, and placed over his shoulder a sash of blue watered silk, having a thin red border and a wider outer border of green. He next attached to the Prince's breast the emblem in gold and enamels of the Family Order, and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crown; and the ceremony was concluded.

Prince Prisdang, one of the Siamese Royal family, was educated in England, returned home in 1876, and in 1878 came here again to learn civil engineering, but has entered the diplomatic service.

Professor Jowett, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, presented the prizes and certificates gained at the Science and Art examination to the successful students in the Town-hall, Oxford, last Saturday. There was a large attendance.



INVESTING THE SIAMESE PRINCE PRISDANG WITH THE ROYAL ORDER OF CHULA CHOM KLAO, AT THE SIAMESE EMBASSY IN LONDON.

THE CHIMPANZEE AND KOOLOKAMBA.

The subjects of our Illustration were purchased by the Zoological Society of London on Oct. 24; but, unfortunately, the Chimpanzee, after living a few days, has succumbed, as many of this species have before, to the fatigue and close confinement of a long and tedious journey. He was the largest specimen the Society ever had the chance of procuring, and is, consequently, a great loss. He stood, if upright, about 4 ft. 7 in.; and, although slight in comparison with some of his brethren, was of a very powerful frame. It is but seldom that these monkeys are kept alive in Europe for any lengthened time; they almost invariably succumb to cold and lung disease, owing, of course, to the changes in our climate. The other animal, the little Koolokamba, is of a rarer species, and is happily thriving well. He appears to be of a hardier constitution. The Koolokamba, which gets its name from saying "Koola! Koola!" over and over again, in a strong voice, dwells in the forests of Equatorial Africa, and is often seen in company with the chimpanzee. This is the first specimen that has appeared in England, and is an object of great interest to zoologists on account of a certain resemblance, in some points, to the "nschigombouvie," the chimpanzee, and the gorilla; but is unlike them all in its general appearance, which is rather frog-like. It has an immense belly, and is a vegetable feeder, like all the troglodytes; its skull is globular, it has long ears, and seems to have great intelligence, or rather cunning. Its gait is like that of the gorilla in walking on all fours, resting on the backs of the fingers. We may congratulate the Society upon the acquisition of so valuable a specimen of this rare little creature.

A telegram from Hong-Kong states that on the 17th ult., the French gun-boat Carabine was attacked by 12,000 Black Flags, assisted by a number of pirates. At the same time an assault was made on the citadel of Haidzuong. The gun-boat Lynx went to the assistance of the Carabine, and prevented her destruction and the capture of the citadel.



CHIMPANZEE AND KOOLOKAMBA, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

THE FRENCH WAR IN TONQUIN.

It is observed this week, and with much regret, if not alarm, in well-disposed quarters, that there are increasing signs of the probability of a war between France and China, consequent upon the intention of the French Government to attack the town of Bac-Ninh, in that part of Tonquin which lies north of the Song-Koi River, and the garrison of which has been reinforced by Chinese troops. Rumours are current in France of the immediate formation of an army corps of 12,000 men to go to the seat of war; while the Chinese Government has declared its resolution to defend its rights of Imperial sovereignty in the border country, and has ordered a large augmentation of its military forces in the southern provinces. The British naval squadron along the coasts of China has been increased by sending two ships from Yokohama, and the Admiral's flag-ship, the Audacious, was there, expecting orders to sail for China on Monday last. The French garrison of Haidzuong was attacked on the 17th ult. by a superior force of "Black Flags," and was compelled to take refuge on board the gun-boats Carabine and Lynx. It is said that the whole population of the delta of the Song-Koi is in a state of impending revolt against the French conquest. The approach to Bac-Ninh is considered impossible for the gun-boats, and barricades have been erected by the Chinese military engineers.

The French troops lately dispatched to Tonquin cannot arrive till near the end of the year. Some illustrations of their different styles of uniform and equipment have been given in our Journal; and we now present one of the corps of Mounted Infantry. The *Temps* announces this week the instant embarkation of at least two regiments of three battalions, each battalion numbering 800 men. Simultaneously with these the three battalions of African troops at present in Tonquin will be increased to 800 men each.

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Gray and Miss Anita Austin. In B flat for Contralto,

and D for Soprano.

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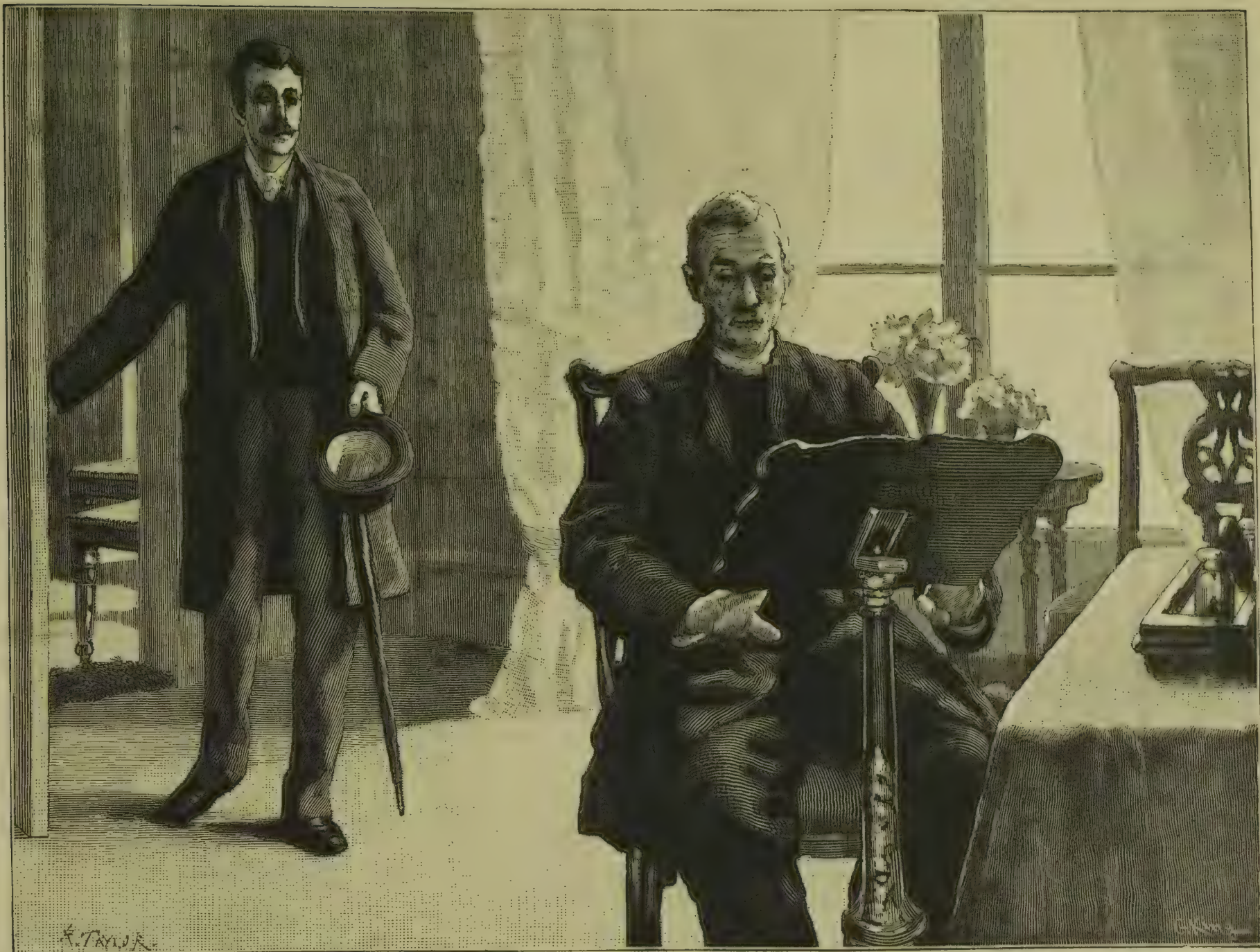
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He has his back to the door, and takes it for granted that the new-comer is his sister.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII. ON THE TRAIL.



HEW of England, Aldred," observed Irton, puffing slowly at his pipe, "admirable as it is in all respects (as you are doubtless aware, though living at so great a distance), has its peculiarities. It permits a marriage to be valid if one of the parties concerned is married under a feigned name, and the other is not aware of it; but, for certain good and wise reasons, it does not permit it, if both are conscious of that inaccuracy. You open your eyes, my friend (I do not resent it in the least, one of the great objects of the law is to open people's eyes), but you now understand, perhaps, that, next to our being assured of Sophy's first marriage, it was most important to know that Adair was aware of the fact before he became her husband."

"I see the importance," answered Robert, thoughtfully, "but do not see the ground for satisfaction; since if you could have proved he had not been aware of it, the marriage would be invalid, and Sophy could at once be extricated from his clutches."

"True; but at what a sacrifice. She would be a mother, and no wife."

"But if the man is such a husband as you describe," urged the young fellow, "and such a villain as I know him to be, would not any position be preferable?"

"Not in Sophy's view," interrupted Irton; "not in any woman's view. Ask my wife here."

"It is the child," said Henny, gently. "She might bear it for herself, but there is the child."

"She means that in the case you are supposing," explained Irton; "that is, if the marriage were annulled, the child would be rendered illegitimate."

"I see," said Robert, thoughtfully; "but what I again fail to see is what we have to congratulate ourselves upon."

"Why, because the fool was married by banns. It is curious what stupid mistakes even the cleverest knaves are always making. Why didn't he marry her at a registry office?"

"How could he, Fred?" put in Henny, remonstratingly. "Do you suppose the Canon would have permitted such a thing?"

"Well, he ought to have made a fight for it. If he had been aware of his danger he would have done it; but his error was—and it is the most fatal of all errors, my dear Aldred—he did not consult a lawyer."

"But what difference could it have made whether Adair was married by banns or not?"

"Well, the making a false entry before a registrar is an offence that can be got over, but to make one after the publication by banns is a more serious affair. The law in that respect is a little peculiar."

"Peculiar! Idiotic, I call it," exclaimed the young fellow. "Dear me, what a queer profession!"

"How like his father," murmured the lawyer. "He could never get over that Settiky Trust."

"But if this scoundrel has committed a felony," exclaimed Robert, vehemently, "why not try him, and trounce him?"

"Well, in the first place, it is not a felony; and also there is just this difficulty. He has, without doubt, performed a criminal act, so far as connivance goes; but, unfortunately, the chief offender, in the eye of the law, would be the 'party' who signed 'Sophy Gilbert, spinster.'"

"Good Heavens! she must have been stark, staring mad!" ejaculated Robert.

"Not a bit of it. Having entered upon a certain most unjustifiable, but by no means unnatural, course of conduct, she felt herself compelled to go through with it. One lie more or less, poor soul, seemed of no great consequence, and of no greater importance than another. That is one of the great disadvantages of habitual deception—one loses one's sense of proportion. However, though matters really are as I have described, Adair knows nothing of it; and, though we cannot actually bring him to book, it may be possible to frighten him. There is a story told (no doubt by an enemy of the Church) called the 'Six Curates of Cornerton.' These divines were shady as to character, and by no means spotless as to conduct, but the Bishop had a difficulty in getting rid of them. At last he hit upon a device—he sent each of them an anonymous letter, with these words of warning: 'All is discovered; flee.' And the next day the diocese was clear of the whole half-dozen. Now we have something more tangible to go upon than his Lordship had. We know of one offence that this gentleman has committed; and I suspect that he has done infinitely worse things. A similar warning, should the necessity arise for it, may have the like effect. *Omne ignotum pro*

magnifico; he may take our hint at this ecclesiastical peccadillo as referring to some much more serious matter, and show us a clean pair of heels at once. It is not a strictly professional way of going to work, I admit," added the lawyer, with a slight blush, "but"—

"Oh! who cares twopence about that?" interrupted the young man, contemptuously.

"I thought you wouldn't," said Irton, drily. "I can't imagine any human being having scruples in dealing with such a wretch as John Adair," said Henny.

"I knew you wouldn't," said Fred, composedly. "Still, permit me to feel a pang of compunction. Nothing but the reflection that the Law is intended for the widow and the orphan—though in this case it is the wife and child—could reconcile me to such a course of action; but it may be the only one open to us, and in that case, my dear Aldred, you may be very useful."

"So that is the reason why you have made me your confidant, is it?" said Robert, smiling.

"Well, it's best to be frank, my dear fellow," returned the other, a little disconcerted, but this time without a blush. He was naturally chary of those proofs of embarrassment, having but a very few in his possession altogether; and the plate, as it were, having been destroyed.

When the young man had departed, taking with him the high esteem of both host and hostess, Henny could not help remarking to her husband that he had not been so very frank, after all; inasmuch as he had never mentioned to Robert one word of those terrible suspicions of Adair as regarded his child.

"I dared not do it," returned Irton. "Not that I have the least doubt, of course, of Robert's honour, or his good intentions, but because I know nothing about his temperament. I can remember a time, when I was of this young man's age, had I heard such news, nothing would have prevented me from going straight to this scoundrel's house and telling him what I thought of him. I would have told him," exclaimed the lawyer, rising from his seat and pacing the room, "if anything happens to that sick and helpless child, you shall never come to your natural end—the gallows. I'll take you by the throat and squeeze the life out of you, you villain, with my own hands! A very injudicious observation, I admit," he continued, in apologetic tones; "but of the fruit of wisdom and prudence man is not an early bearer. If I have taken stock of our young friend aright, he is naturally impulsive; though he spoke so quietly of his father's wrongs, he put, I noticed, a great restraint upon himself. Moreover, they are his own wrongs, which a noble nature (such as he inherits from the Canon) regards more patiently. But if he knew about little Willie, if ever there was an excuse (which of course there never is, my dear) for taking the law into

one's own hands, he would find it there; I think he might break out, and I couldn't blame him; no, I couldn't blame him."

From under her drooping eyes Henny regarded her husband with intense admiration. She esteemed him higher for the passionate indignation that obviously consumed him than for the prudence which subdued it and prevented him from giving it play.

"After what you have heard from Dr. Woodruffe," she sighed, after a pause, "there can be no moral doubt of this man's real intentions, I suppose?"

"Not a shadow. He is at heart a murderer, and nothing less. But there would be the greatest difficulty in proving it. Stevie's testimony—the evidence of a nervous boy, under circumstances, too, so exceptional—though conclusive to us, is not to be depended upon in the witness-box. Woodruffe was very reticent, as I told you; and I don't blame him for it, since I dared not speak out to him. Hitherto matters have not been ripe."

"But, in the meantime, are you sure, Fred, that there is no danger?"

"There is great danger," he interrupted, quickly. "The fear of it is never absent from my mind; my responsibility is, I am well aware, tremendous. Still, until to-night I have not dared to stir."

"But what have you heard fresh to-night, Fred?"

"The corroboration, as I believe, of our worst suspicions. That conversation overheard by Robert in the railway carriage is in my opinion of the last importance. If it is necessary for Adair to raise such a sum of money as those men spoke of, and at once, the end—his end I hope—should be very near. He must be upon the verge of some desperate step. I must find out if possible about this Dawson and the S.S. scheme; but when I have once got my threads together, look to yourself, Mr. John Adair, for as sure as there is law in England (which he uttered as though he were saying "Justice in Heaven") you will find yourself in Queer street."

"My dear Fred, you quite frighten me," exclaimed Henny. "All this is so terrible, and yet you almost seem to enjoy it."

"I do enjoy it," was the frank rejoinder. "I have read that the pursuit of wild animals is a passion engrafted in human nature; for my part—who have never bagged so much as a rabbit—I have hitherto disbelieved it; but now I feel it's truth. I understand the excitement of that patient night-watch for the tyrant of the jungle, the rapture of the moment when, rifle in hand, one marks him crouching for his spring upon the tethered and helpless heifer, and the vengeful triumph that fills the hunter's soul when his bullet crashes to the tiger's brain."

"But the heifer?" suggested Henny, anxiously.

"Yes; there is a difference there," answered her husband, sobered in an instant. "This human tiger must fall without his victim."

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOME AGAIN.

It was a subject of wonder to many of the Canon's acquaintance that on that sudden loss of fortune caused by "injurious speculation" he had not hidden his head in some out-of-the-way locality, instead of remaining in a place where he had been wont to be thought so highly of. The idea had, indeed, occurred to himself; though more upon his sister's account than his own. He thought it might be an addition to the sting of poverty for her to have to bear it among those who knew her in her prosperous days. A woman, he reflected, however sensible; was more dependent upon circumstances than one of the sterner sex, has her little pride of place, and feels, to some extent, the loss of means as a loss of dignity. He laid the greater stress on this because he was conscious of his own personal leaning the other way. Cambridge was inexpressibly dear to him, and the thought that he must quit it had greatly aggravated his misfortune.

Oh unexpected stroke (was his reflection), worse than of Death,
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise! Thus leave
Thee, native soil! These happy haunts and shades,
Fit haunt of gods. Where I had hoped to spend,
Quiet if sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal.

The possession of his college rooms was, of course, a great attraction to him, but under the circumstances, as he could not but feel, a somewhat selfish pleasure. It is probable that Aunt Maria was not ignorant of her brother's feelings, for she combated his proposals for change with arguments that at once pleased and pacified him. Cambridge, she averred, was dear to her also. Elsewhere, in their changed circumstances, she would be nobody; but here, at all events with old friends, she would still occupy her former position. A sentiment which, as involving a certain vulgar view of life quite foreign to her nature, might have awakened suspicions in a less simple and more unbiased mind than that of the Canon. As it was, he had accepted Aunt Maria's choice with thankfulness and without misgiving.

He had taken a house in Providence-terrace—which, he said, with his old smile, ought to show that, notwithstanding all that had come and gone, he had "no bad feeling"—a little row of buildings on Parker's Piece, an airy space enough to look upon, but dangerous as a pleasure-ground by reason of the missiles—ranging from a football to the small shot used at rounders—always flying about. It was a very tiny dwelling; the door opened upon a passage so narrow that the term seemed a misnomer, since no adults could pass one another in it; when a visitor called, the maid had to back to admit him, unless (which, of course, was not to be thought of) she lay down and let him walk over her, like the stag on the precipice in Mr. Browning's poem. Though little furniture had been reserved from the sale at the Laurels, it was more than sufficient for the new tenement, and was, of necessity, much too large for it. As compared with their present surroundings, the old bookcases and tables were too tall; the Canon used cheerfully to call attention to them as indicating their flood-tide of prosperity, the old high-water mark; and, indeed, a place where the tide is out is no bad metaphor for a household that has seen better days, except, alas! that in the latter case it does not come in again. That the dining-room should be so diminutive was of small consequence, since the hospitality that had been exercised at the Laurels was no longer possible; but that the room behind, which was the Canon's study and smoking-room, should be such a nutshell, was deplorable.

The accommodation for literature provided for the ordinary inhabitant of Providence-terrace was one shelf below stairs, supplemented by a bookslide in the drawing-room; so that the Canon's numerous tomes had to be piled against the wall, while one especially lordly volume played the humiliating part of a footstool. Moreover, the Canon passed much more of his time at home than had been his wont; chiefly from a disinclination to leave Aunt Maria, but partly, perhaps, from his greater distance from Trinity. He had been always averse to exercise, but now all exertion had become distasteful to him; the springs of existence had grown weak. A new trouble had of late assailed him in the illness of his friend Mavors. While spending a few days in Paris, the Tutor had contracted a fever from which, though he had rallied at the time, he seemed unable to

recover. His spirits, once so equable, had fled, and given place to a melancholy which Dr. Newton (who knew his patient well) held to be one of his gravest symptoms. Since his friend had been ailing, the Canon had never failed to visit him once a day, and always returned depressed. Fate had given too obvious proofs of her malice of late to permit of his being sanguine. Moneyless, childless, he already saw himself friendless. For, though many held him dear whose affection he reciprocated, there is no friend like an old friend. When such a one is about to depart upon the Unknown Road, we are wont to feel that it is time for us, too, to be going—that we have been overstaying our welcome. Even Milton failed to be the solace that he had been to the Canon. He could not always dissociate those sublime poems from the man, who, through their means, had become connected with himself. The trail of the serpent was over them all.

One morning the Canon was sitting, as usual, in his little study, a book on the swing desk before him, but not at the reading angle. He kept one always open, lest Aunt Maria should look in and suspect him of the very vice he was at that moment indulging in—Reverie. A great student of human nature has taught us how blessed a thing is Memory, even to the unfortunate; but it is no less true that "a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." An old man deep in thought is always a pathetic spectacle, and, upon the whole, a discouraging one.

While the Canon thinks—and sighs—there is presently a sharp ring at the bell. Visitors are few in these days, and he neither expects nor desires any. The little maid, who is a survival of the old household at the Laurels, is aware of that fact, and deals diplomatically with all comers.

"Miss Aldred is at home," she answers; which implies that the master of the house is not, without going so far as to affirm it. On the present occasion, however, this subterfuge is denied her, as Miss Aldred happens to be without doors. So to the strange young man who so confidently demands speech with her master she replies that he is "particularly engaged."

"Still, I think, if he knew who I was he would see me," said the visitor, gravely. "I am his son."

"You're never that, Sir!" cries the maid.

"I really am," returned the young man, smiling at her undisguised amazement.

"Why, Sir, he don't expect you no more than the Queen. He was a talking of you at dinner only last night—not that I listens to the gentlefolks' talk; but, with potatoes in one hand and the sauceboat in the other, to stop one's ears is difficult. He's always talking about you, but not a word 'as he dropped about your coming home."

"Where is he?" inquired the young man, in a hushed voice.

"In his study; the second door on the right, Sir."

"Is he pretty well? To see me so unexpectedly will not hurt him."

"Lor bless you, no Sir, not it! It will do him a world of good."

The little maid knows nothing of "shocks to the system," and cannot understand that the sight of so handsome a young gentleman can be deleterious to anybody.

"Don't announce me," he says, softly. "I will announce myself." And he knocks gently at the study door.

The Canon settles the swing desk before him, and begins to be absorbed in the open book. He has his back to the door, and takes it for granted that the new comer is his sister.

"You are come back very soon, my dear, are you not?"

"I can scarcely say that," answers a voice, which, though its tones are hushed and gentle, electrifies him. "I have been away for more than five years."

"Robert? My boy—my dear, dear boy!"

For some moments the poor Canon (for all his "culture") can only peritate these few words with their one variation, "My boy," and "My dear boy." He hugs him, he kisses him, the tears roll down his withered cheeks without check. Then, suddenly perceiving that his son is about to betray a similar weakness, he cries out, "Don't mind me, Robert. I was getting an old man; but you will make me young again. There is something to live for now." Then, in an altered voice, he added, "Why is it you have come back? But I need not ask, alas! You have lost your Alma, thanks to me—and there was nothing to keep you in India. Can you ever forgive your father?"

"My dear Dad," exclaimed Robert, using, in an outburst of Nature's self, the old childish term, "What is there to forgive? I come here to comfort you. Alma sent me over herself; if I hadn't come she would have thrown me over, which, I do assure you, she has not done. Your father is in trouble," she said, "therefore your place is by his side." Was she not right? Are you not glad to have me?"

"Glad! Was I ever so happy before? I, who thought it was impossible—Heaven forgive me for doubting of its goodness—that I should ever be happy again."

For the moment all his misfortunes were forgotten. The "days in which he had seen evil" had melted away. While looking at his stalwart son he seemed to derive from him some of his health and strength, and looked ten years younger.

"And Aunt Maria?" inquired the young man.

"Wonderful," returned his father. "You know what a good soul she always was, but she has developed into an angel. Not a word of reproach—nay, of regret—has ever dropped from her lips. One cannot gauge the goodness of a good woman, Robert, it is beyond man's plummet."

The young man nodded adhesion.

"Alma is just like that," he said, simply.

"Did you see anyone as you came through London?" inquired the Canon presently, with averted face.

"Do you mean Sophy? No. I saw Henny and her husband, however, and of course heard about her. Irtton thought it better that I should not see her for the present."

"Poor girl, poor girl!" sighed the Canon. "You must not think hardly of her, Robert; it is I, not she, who am to blame."

"For my part, father, I blame neither of you. How could you have imagined the possibility of such villainy. How could honest people construct such an ineffable scoundrel as this Adair out of their own consciousness, as the German philosopher made his camel. It is a very hard case for both of you, but I pity Sophy most."

"That is what Mavors says. As for ourselves, the man has done his worst; but she is still in his power. Poor girl, poor girl! Now tell me, my dear boy, about your Alma, and those prospects which your unhappy father has darkened, if not destroyed."

Then Robert told him what he had already told the Irttons, but at greater length. He lingered over all that concerned his betrothed, as though to speak of her brought her nearer to him; and the Canon, usually so impatient of detail, took as tender an interest in it all as though he had been mother instead of father.

Yet one thing Robert did not tell him, but reserved for the ear of Aunt Maria. From his father's letter, written, perhaps, with some incoherence, ere he had recovered from the first effects of the blow fate had dealt him, he had not been able exactly to gather to what extent his fortunes had been re-

duced; whether, indeed, he might not find himself absolutely penniless; and on receipt of it he had started for home, taking with him all his savings—amounting to five hundred pounds. Considering that the disbursement of this sum must needs mean a proportionate postponement of his happiness, already indefinitely delayed, it was a sacrifice such as is seldom offered on the paternal altar.

"He will be as pleased," said Aunt Maria, laying her hand upon the young man's head (a gesture that had something of benediction in it, as well as approval), "as though it had been five millions—and indeed more pleased. But he would never take one farthing of it. He already reproaches himself with having robbed you of your birthright; and do you suppose?"

"There is no reason to suppose anything, dear Aunt Maria," interrupted the young man. "I don't want him to know. Things are not, I am thankful to say, so bad as I feared they might be; but it is plain to me that there are many comforts wanting here to which both you and my father have been accustomed. These, at least, can be supplied, and you can take the credit—and you know you always prided yourself upon your domestic economy—of having saved the money for them out of the housekeeping."

"That is all very well," said Aunt Maria, smiling; "but only consider how my credit would suffer when I did not provide luxuries, not to mention the suspicions of what I must have done with the surplus up to the time when I began to provide them. Moreover, Robert, I could not be a party to such a proceeding, feeling as I do in the matter exactly as my brother feels, upon any account. If there had been really any such need for help as you had in your mind, it would have been forthcoming from at least one quarter; I cannot be doing wrong in telling you of it, though it was proffered in the strictest confidence. Directly Mr. Mavors heard that your father had suffered some pecuniary loss he behaved in the noblest manner."

"I always thought old Mavors was a trump," observed Robert, approvingly. "I can imagine him coming to the governor, and saying, 'We have shared many things in our time, from apples upwards (for they were at school together, you know), and now you must share my fortune; and I can see the governor shaking his dear old head, because he could not trust himself to speak.'"

"Just so, Robert; and because Mr. Mavors knew he would shake his head, he never broached the matter to him at all, but came straight to me. It was the last day he was seen out of doors, poor man, for he has been ill, very ill, ever since; and never did a man come on a nobler errand."

"Miss Aldred," he said, "you and I are old friends, but your brother and I have been so all our lives. I know all about him, and (though that is reason good why I should love him) it follows that I know his weaknesses. He is a very proud man, not of his many excellences, but in that sort of foolish way in which sensitive people are proud. A way that robs friendship of its advantage, and friends of what should be their highest pleasure. He has lost his money, it seems, without perhaps quite knowing how, and I am very certain without knowing how much. Now, my dear Madam, he has heaps of friends who will offer help, no doubt; but, having become poor, he will be ten times prouder than ever, and will take nothing. You smile as though you would say, 'And I agree with him'; perhaps you may be right in their case, but I am a man who has only one tie in the world, that of friendship; and I may almost add that I am bound by that tie to almost a single object. Now, you must so contrive it—and I am sure it can be done—that your brother shall think himself much better off than he really is, and I will be his banker without his knowing it."

"Of course, it couldn't be thought of," continued Aunt Maria; "but it was curious that Mr. Mavors' proposition was, in fact, precisely similar to that which you have just suggested to me yourself, Robert, and (here she smiled) exhibited the same duplicity of character."

"What is also curious," answered the young man, shily, "is that each of these ruffians and rascals should have selected you as the confidant of their nefarious schemes. Seriously, however, old Mavors must be a right good fellow. It is so much more to his credit, too, to show such sympathy, since he has never moved out of his college shell; never knew, I suppose, a serious trouble, never been in love, nor even in debt."

"Perhaps," sighed Aunt Maria, softly; "still, should he die, the world, to which he seems so little to belong, will be the loser."

"Is Mr. Mavors, then, very ill?"

"I fear so. Dr. Newton thinks, I am convinced, worse of him than he tells the Canon. I wish Mr. Mavors would let us do something for him; but he is so peculiar that it is difficult."

"Do you think he would see me?"

"Most certainly. I am sure he would like to do so. Why not go down to college this afternoon, instead of your father, since he will not be able to see both, and bring us word of him?"

To this Robert willingly agreed: it was a small thing enough—this visit to inquire after his father's friend—but in the end, like many another small thing, it had important results.

(To be continued.)

The following emigrants embarked at Plymouth yesterday week, under the authority of the Agent-General, on board the Royal mail-steamer Waroonga, for the Queensland ports—viz., 120 single men, 109 single women, and 163½ families.

Lord Carlingford presided at the sixtieth anniversary of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution yesterday week, and, in distributing the prizes, strongly appealed for assistance, as the association was self-supporting.

A Parsee merchant in the City has contributed one hundred guineas to the Mansion House poor-box in commemoration of the fact that a son of the Queen had laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital at Bombay, to which the donor's father had contributed £12,000.

M. Ferdinand De Lesseps and his son yesterday week had an interview with the council of the London Chamber of Commerce, at the offices in King William-street, on the subject of the Suez Canal. Mr. Charles Magniac, M.P., the president, occupied the chair, and conveyed to M. De Lesseps the suggestions of the Chamber for the amelioration of the business of this great international undertaking. M. Charles De Lesseps replied, his speech being translated to the Chamber passage by passage. A cordial hope was expressed that the meeting might end in a satisfactory settlement of the questions at issue.—M. De Lesseps was welcomed last Saturday in the Great Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern by a crowded meeting of the members of the French National Society. The chair was taken by M. Ralli, president of the society, and the meeting was addressed at some length by M. De Lesseps, and afterwards by M. Waddington, the French Ambassador. In the evening M. De Lesseps left for Paris.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 16, 1880), with three codicils (dated May 9, 1882, and March 22 and June 19, 1883), of Mr. Thomas Rhodes, late of Mersey Bank, Hadfield, Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton spinner and manufacturer, who died on Aug. 14 last, has been proved at the district registry, Derby, by William Shepley Rhodes, and George Wood Rhodes, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £425,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Rhodes, his lands and hereditaments at Liverpool, £500, his horses, carriages and wines, and such of his plate, pictures, furniture and effects, as she shall select; he also leaves her during widowhood an annuity of £1000 and Mersey Bank, with the remainder of his furniture and effects; on the death of his wife he gives Mersey Bank, with the unselected portion of his plate, pictures, and furniture to his son, William Shepley. He bequeaths £5000 to his son William Shepley; £22,500 to his son Thomas; £22,500 to each of his daughters; and legacies to relatives and to domestic servants who have been three years in his service. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons, William Shepley, George Wood, and Herbert, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated July 12, 1883) of Mr. Robert Crossman, J.P., late of Cheswick, Northumberland, of the Albion Brewery, Mile-end-road, and of Burton-on-Trent, who died on July 19 last, were proved on the 1st ult. by Colonel William Crossman, James Hiscutt Crossman, and Alexander Crossman, the sons, and George Landles Paulin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £230,000. The testator leaves to his wife £500, and for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, £2000 per annum, and the use of his mansion house, Cheswick, with the books, maps, plans, plate, pictures, furniture, statues, bronzes, articles of vertu, wines, horses and carriages; at the death of his wife he gives the wines, carriages and horses to his son William; and the statues, bronzes, articles of vertu, books, maps, plans, furniture, plate, and effects are made heirlooms to go with the Northumberland estate. He also leaves £20,000, upon trust, for his son Joseph Gilchrist; £10,000, upon trust, for his son John Wycliffe; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Margaret Richardson, in addition to £10,000 settled upon her at her marriage; £15,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Mary Douglas Tatham, Mrs. Eliza Pratt, Miss Emma Rachel Crossman, and Miss Sarah Maria Crossman; and his three last-named daughters are to have the use for life of his mansion house in Holy Island and a portion of his plate. The cottage adjoining the library at Holy Island is to be held upon trust for Alexander Johnston for life, and then upon the trusts of the library founded by him; and a sum of £1500 Consols is to be placed, upon trust, to pay £30 per annum to provide new books &c., for the library, £10 per annum towards the repairs of the church, and £5 per annum to poor fishermen or fishermen's widows; and there are bequests to his executor, Mr. Paulin, to some of his own and his wife's relatives, to servants, and others. His Northumberland estate, including his property at Holy Island, Lindisfarne, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, he devises to the use of his son William for life, with remainder to his son Robert (testator's grandson) for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. His Bucks estate he settles upon his son James Hiscutt. His property at Kingston, Surrey, and the residue of the real estate are directed to be sold, and the proceeds, with the residue of the personalty, laid out in the purchase of freehold or copyhold property in the counties of Northumberland and Berwick-upon-Tweed, to be held and go with his Northumberland estate. The provision made for his wife and issue is in addition to that made for them by his marriage settlement.

The will (dated June 2, 1881), with two codicils (dated July 5, 1881, and March 3, 1882), of Mr. George Digby Wingfield Digby, late of Sherborne Castle, Dorset, who died on May 7 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by the Rev. Fitzhardinge Berkeley Portman and Wadhams Knatchbull, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Mabella Digby, £10,000, the furniture and effects in his house at Malvern, and certain of the plate, furniture, horses and carriages at Sherborne Castle; the remainder of the pictures, books, and plate at Sherborne Castle are to go with the estate under the settlement made by his uncle, Earl Digby; to the Yeatman Memorial Hospital at Sherborne, £2000; to the Church Pastoral Aid Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society, £100 each; and numerous other legacies. His house at Malvern, and all other his real estate in Worcestershire, are to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his nephew and godson, William George Digby Wingfield Digby. The residue of the personalty he leaves to his nephew, John Digby Wingfield Digby.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1881) of Miss Anna Frances Arkwright, late of Mark Hall, near Harlow, Essex, who died on Aug. 18 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Charles Arkwright and Arthur William Arkwright, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to her sisters and brothers, and to a friend; and the residue of her estate and effects to her brother Charles.

The will (dated June 6, 1878) of Mr. Joseph Hollick Tickell, late of No. 71, Linden-gardens, Notting-hill, and of Whittlesford, in the county of Cambridge, who died on Oct. 5 last, has been proved by Joseph Harkness Tickell and Clifton Herbert Tickell, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Eve Tickell, £200, and his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, live and dead stock; and to his son Clifton Herbert, £4000. He devises the lordship or manor of Whittlesford, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate at Whittlesford, to his son Joseph Harkness, absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his children, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1880) of Mr. Denis Maurice O'Connor, M.P., late of No. 110, Queen's-gate, South Kensington, who died on July 26 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Mrs. Ellen Isabella O'Connor, the widow, and The O'Connor Don, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to Miss Josephine McDermot; £5000 his nephew, Owen O'Connor; £500 to the Benedictines of St. Gregory's College, Downside; and subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife for life, and then to his only son, Charles William.

Sir Henry Rawlinson announced on Monday evening at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society that there was good reason to believe that the reports of the death of King Mtesa were incorrect. Mr. O. M. Doughty read a paper on Arabia and Nejd, in which he gave an account of the geology of the country. Sir H. Rawlinson remarked that Arabia was the most dangerous ground Asia, its Mussulman inhabitants being very likely to make common cause with the Mahdi.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

T.B.—There is no other solution to No. 2066 than that published. After your moves 1. R to K square, 2. P to K 3rd; 2. Q takes P (at K 5th), if Black play 2. K takes P, how do you propose to mate on the third move?

W.B. (Stratford).—Please send a diagram embodying the alterations you suggest, and it shall be examined.

J.S. (Inverness).—One appears below, and the other is still under examination.

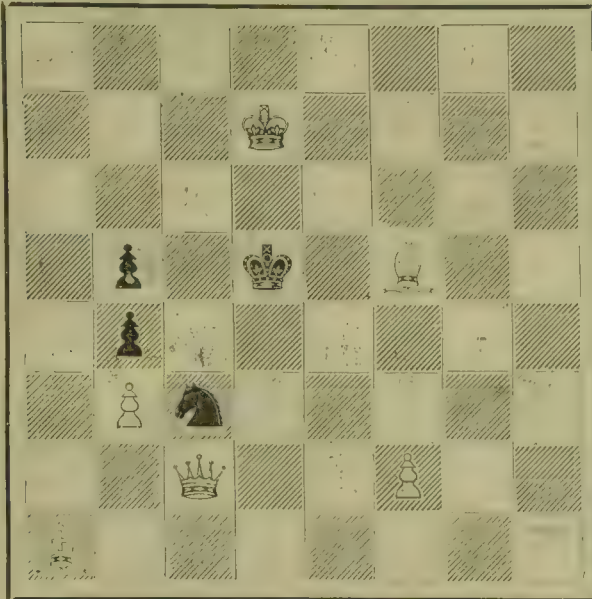
W.R. (Wakefield) and S.W. (Liverpool) are cordially thanked for reports of matches in which their respective clubs have been engaged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF DR. GOLD'S PROBLEM received from R.H. Brooks and E.L.G.; of J. Jespersen's problem from J.A.B.; of the Bohemian problem and Mr. Abbott's problem from E.L.G.; of No. 2062 from D.S. How (Boulogne); of No. 2067 from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Pilgrim, and R.H.G. (Salisbury); of No. 2088 from Carrick, J. Hunter (Kendal), Amphictyon; Emile Frau, Congrove (San Remo), J.A.B., W. Miller, Charles W. Coote, J.E. Lloyd, Quedgeley, W.F., J. Keene, A.J. Alexander, F.M.N., Pilgrim, S.C.D., and W. Carr (Enniskillen).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2089 received from H.B. Shalforth, L. Desanges, A.B. Street, T. Brandreth, Gateshead-on-Tyne, R.H. Brooks, E.H. (Worthing), G.D. Hobday, A.M. Porter, Aaron Harper, W. Hillier, Jupiter Junior, H. Blacklock, S. Bullen, E. Casella (Paris), Linterwall (Clontarf), G. Darragh, D.W. Kell, Emile Frau, Julia Short, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H. Reeve, Otto Filder (Ghent), W. Biddle, E.J. Posno (Harrlem), Alpha, A.H. Mann, L. Falcon (Antwerp), R.L. Southwell, H.H. Noyes, E. Louden, A. Chapman, E.E.H., St. George, C.W. Milson, B.R. Wood, smutch, S.W. Mann, Indagator, Robert G. Sonnevillie, H. Wardell, S. Lowndes, James Pilkington, E. Wyman, M.O. Halloran, An Old Hand, L.L. Greenway, Joseph Alnworth, F. Ferris, T. Waters, R. Gray, Ben Nevis, S. Farrant, William Miller (Cork), W.F. R. Worters, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Z. Ingold, W. Dewse, W. Vernon Arnold, A. Schmucke, E. Featherstone, Victor Louis Wester, Pilgrim, J.R. (Edinburgh), G. Stuart, Wood, Raymond, T.G., David Cuthbertson, W.M.D., J.T.W., and Emulo (Dartington).

PROBLEM No. 2071.

By J. SARGEANT (Inverness).
BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

A match between the fourth class of the City of London Club and Oxford University, twelve a side, was played at Oxford on the 17th ult., and resulted in a victory for the visitors, with a score of 94 to 24. The only competitor who scored a victory for Oxford was Mr. C. D. Locock (University), who defeated Mr. E. Ridpath, of London; three games were drawn, counting half a point to each side, and the City representatives won eight.

On the same day a match was played between Leeds and Wakefield, in which the latter scored a decisive victory by winning 11 games, drawing 4, and losing 5.

The most important match of that week was the annual contest between Manchester and Liverpool, thirty-two of the strongest players of both cities appearing in the lists. It resulted in Manchester winning eleven games, Liverpool nine, and four were drawn. The winners for Manchester were Messrs. Riddell (2), Hardman (1), Brevig (1), Cohen (1), Boyer (2), Lowenthal (1), Lewis (2), and Bantock (1). For Liverpool, the winners were Messrs. Burn (2), Horstendahl (1), Imbach (2), Leather (2), Lister (1), and the Rev. J. Owen (1). The game between Messrs. Lord and Lutherford was abandoned unfinished.

Mr. Blackburne has been visiting Glasgow during the past week; but we go to press too early to chronicle the result of his play with the amateurs of that city. On the 19th ult. he played eighteen games simultaneously at Tannfield, giving odds in most cases, winning seventeen and drawing the other. On the following evening he played, *sans voir*, against three of the strongest players in the district, the latter consulting. The game, after forty-five moves on both sides, was abandoned as drawn.

Only one suburban match is reported as having been played last week, between the Athenæum and Kentish Town Chess Clubs. There were eleven players a side, and the first-named club won by five games to three, and four draws. The winners were, on each side, Messrs. Carr, Brooks, Hodge, Schlesinger, and Swainson, for the Athenæum; and Messrs. Barbier, Physick, and Yarnold, for Kentish Town.

SILVER CRADLE FOR A MAYOR'S WIFE.

The quaint and pleasant custom of presenting a miniature silver cradle to the wife of a Mayor, who has had a child born



SILVER CRADLE PRESENTED TO THE WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF BRIGHTON.

during his year of office, was this year observed in the town of Brighton. The handsome piece of plate, indeed, shown in our illustration is not quite a silver cradle, but very nearly approaches it, being a centre ornament, in silver on an ebony stand, bearing a nautilus shell, emblem of the cradle, as the central device. On one side appear the Brighton arms, and on the other the inscription:—"Presented by the Corporation of Brighton to the Mayoress, Mrs. Arthur H. Cox, in commemoration of the birth of a daughter, on June 11, 1883." Below the ornament formed a cylinder, with raised figures in the Wedgwood style, and was flanked by two sphynxes looking outwards and supporting small tazze. This beautiful gift was supplied by Mr. Alderman Edward Martin, silversmith, of Bartholomews, Brighton.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM BOWYER-SMIJTH, BART.

Sir William Bowyer-Smijth, eleventh Baronet, of Hill Hall, Essex, J.P. and D.L., died on the 20th ult. He was born April 22, 1814, the eldest son of Sir Edward Smijth, tenth Baronet, by Letitia Cicely, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Weyland, of Woodenton, county Oxford, and represented an old Essex family, on which a baronetcy was conferred shortly after the Restoration. The prefix surname of Bowyer was assumed by Royal License in 1839 by Sir Edward, the tenth Baronet, in right of his maternal ancestors. Sir William was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and sat in Parliament for South Essex from 1852 to 1857. In 1850 he had succeeded his father as eleventh inheritor of the title. His eldest son, by Marianne Frances, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Meux, Bart., is now Sir William Bowyer-Smijth, twelfth Baronet, in the Diplomatic Service, born in 1840.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

The Right Rev. William FitzGerald, D.D., Bishop of Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert, and Kilmacduagh, who died on the 24th ult., was born Dec. 3, 1814, son of Maurice FitzGerald, M.D., of Lifford (for many years Physician to the British Government and to the Nabob at Madras), by Mary, his second wife, daughter of Mr. Edward William Burton, of Clifton, county Clare. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Professor there of Moral Philosophy in 1848, and of Ecclesiastical History in 1853. He was formerly Prebendary of Donamore, Archdeacon of Kildare, and Vicar of St. Anne's. In 1857 he was consecrated Bishop of Cork, and in 1862 translated to Killaloe. His Lordship married Anne, elder daughter of Mr. George Stoney, of Oakley Park, and was left a widower in 1859. The eminent Judge, Mr. Baron FitzGerald, late of the Irish Bench, is brother of the Bishop of Killaloe.

MR. COBBOLD, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Clement Cobbold, C.B., M.P. for Ipswich, died on the 21st ult. He was born in 1833, the third son of the late Mr. John Chevallier Cobbold, of The Holywells, Suffolk, M.P., by Lucy, his wife, third daughter of the Rev. Henry Patteson, of Drifkstone, and was brother of the late Mr. John Patteson Cobbold, whom he succeeded in the representation of Ipswich. He was educated at the Charter House, and, having entered the Diplomatic Service, was sent to Constantinople in 1854. In 1867 he acted as Chargé-d'Affaires at Baden-Baden, from 1870 to 1872 at Rio de Janeiro, and from 1873 to 1875 at Lisbon. In politics he was a Conservative.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Seton Montgomerie, brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton, on the 20th ult., aged thirty-seven.

General James McQueen, J.P. for East Kent, on the 25th ult., at his residence, Tintoch House, Canterbury, at the age of eighty-six.

The Dowager Lady Herries (Marcia), widow of William, Lord Herries, and eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Edward Marmaduke Vavasour, of Hazelwood. The present Lord Herries is one of her sixteen children.

The Venerable Anthony Grant, D.C.L., Canon of Rochester Cathedral and formerly Archdeacon of Rochester, Bampton Lecturer in 1843, and Fellow of New College. From 1838 to 1862 he was Vicar of Romford, and from 1862 to 1877 Vicar of Aylesford.

Colonel George William Holmes Ross, of Cromarty, for many years Lieutenant-Colonel commanding and Hon. Colonel Highland Rifle Militia, J.P. and D.L., Convener county Cromarty, aged fifty-eight. Through his mother, Catharine Munro, he was representative of the families of Ross of Pitkerrie and Munro, of Culcairn. During the Crimean War he volunteered, with his regiment, for service in the East.

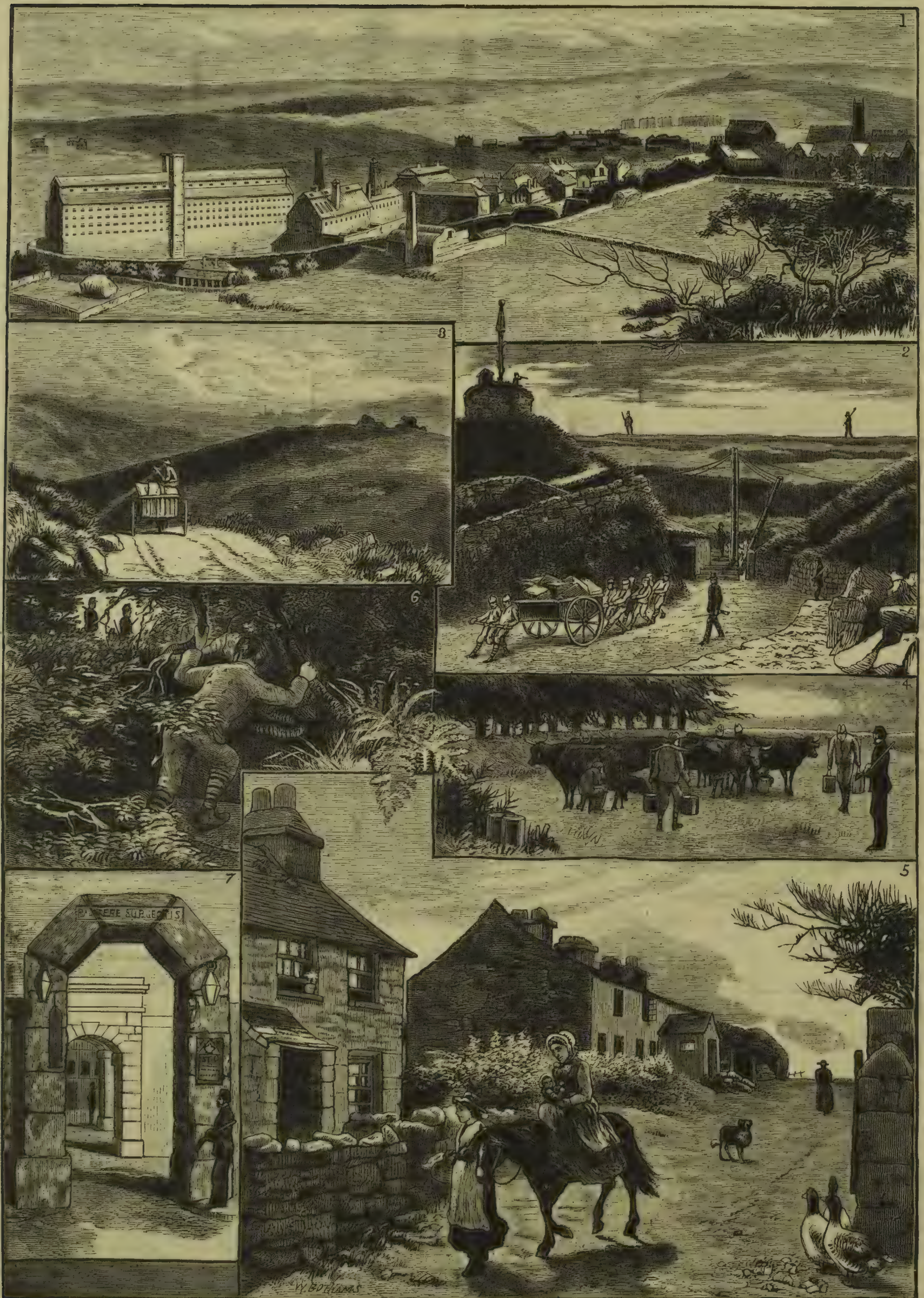
"PRIVATE VIEW IN A MONASTERY."

The subject of this picture, by Mr. L. C. Henley, which was selected from the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, will suggest to many the great obligations we owe to the old monks for the preservation of ancient literature and the revival of art in the middle ages; and those labours of love in the shape of pictures and illuminated manuscripts still existing in such large numbers. Very likely the reader will recall the examples of the good and Beato Fra Angelico toiling year after year in the cells, corridors, and cloisters of San Marco, always beginning his work after prayer, and, once finished, never retouching it, believing it to have been executed under Divine direction. In the scene before us a young *frate* is just finishing a small easel picture of the Virgin, and he has invited a couple of brother monks to a private inspection of it before it is placed in its destination—probably some altar of the monastery. The younger visitor is lost in silent admiration; the elder, if less deeply impressed, yet may be expatiating on the beauties of the piece; Or, stay, is he finding some fault and suggesting some correction? Those objectionable people the art-critics and connoisseurs, real or pretended, no doubt existed even within the pious precincts of the monastery. Be this as it may, the artist is so absorbed in his work that he seems to be supremely indifferent to the critic's strictures.

The final dispersion of the Beckford Library began on Tuesday, at the rooms of the auctioneers, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, with the sale of the fourth portion, which includes the books from letter U to Z in the catalogue, with a supplemental list of miscellaneous volumes, which form the fourth and last day's sale.

The Skinners' Company have offered a scholarship of the value of £50 a year for three years, to be held at Girton College, Cambridge. The scholarship will be awarded, on certain conditions, at the next Entrance Examination of Girton College, and be held in March, 1884. Further information may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Miss Kensington, 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, W.

On Monday the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, proceeded in state to St. Paul's-road, Burdett-road, on Monday, to take part in the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of the new Edinburgh Castle Mission Hall. Five memorial-stones of the building were laid by Mr. W. Fowler, M.P., the Rev. W. Tyler, F.L.S. (on behalf of his brother), Mr. Samuel Gurney Sheppard, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, and the Lord Mayor. The district was gaily decorated. Mr. Fowler, M.P., in laying the first stone, spoke of the good work which Dr. Barnardo had done within the last dozen years. A number of purses were handed to the Lord Mayor, who placed them on the principal memorial-stone, and then addressed the meeting on the result of the Mission.



1. Prince Town, Dartmoor, with the Prison.

4. Convicts Milking Cows.

5. A Bit of Prince Town.

2. A Granite Quarry on Dartmoor, with Convicts at Work.

6. Convict Escaping in Wistman's Wood.

3. A View on Dartmoor.

7. Entrance to Dartmoor Prison.

SKETCHES OF THE CONVICT PRISONS: DARTMOOR.



A PRIVATE VIEW IN A MONASTERY.
FROM THE PICTURE BY L. C. HENLEY.

THE CONVICT PRISON OF DARTMOOR.

The first of a series of Sketches intended to illustrate the situation of the great prisons and establishments for compulsory labour in the United Kingdom, which are provided by Government for convicts under sentence of penal servitude, appear in this Number of our Journal. A more detailed and statistical account of the system, of the internal management of the Convict Prisons, and of the regulations for discipline, must be reserved for a future notice of the subject.

On Dartmoor, that great central waste of rolling uplands, above twenty miles in breadth, which occupies half the width of Devonshire on its western side towards Cornwall, with an average height of 1200 ft. above the level of the sea, there is a place where the main roads westward across the barren moorland, that from Exeter through Moretonhampstead, and that from Ashburton, branching off the old Exeter and Plymouth road, intersect each other, at Two Bridges, on the western confluent of the river Dart. This spot is surrounded by an almost complete circle of more or less distant hills, of swelling downs, and abrupt ridges of rock, the crests of which are frequently marked by "tors," or protruding masses of bare granite, chopped into various fantastic shapes by the forces of air and water acting upon their substance for thousands of years. If no mountain summit on Dartmoor exceeds 2000 ft., its mountain scenery is as wild and grand as any in England or in Wales. The effect of those countless crags of grey stone, thrusting their heads aloft from the highest eminences above the undulating table-land, and contrasting with the dull green herbage of its treeless, unfenced, uncultivated slopes, with the purple heath and golden furze in drier patches, and the blackness of the peaty bogs, is worthy of the landscape painter's skill. The old inn at Two Bridges, the "Saracen's Head," used to be, in the days of our youth, a convenient place of sojourn for visitors desiring to enjoy the sight of the Moor in summer, and to breathe its cool, soft, moist air, fresh from the Atlantic Ocean. A walk of half an hour from this hostelry, up the glen beneath historical Crockern Tor, where the old Stannary Court used to be held by the tin-miners debating and adjudicating in open-air session, brings one to one of the curious things nature has to show in England, the extraordinary grove of stunted oaks, called Wistman's Wood, of immense antiquity, probably far older than the Burnham Beeches, being the last remnant of the Ancient Dartmoor Forest. These odd and weird-looking trees have never been pollarded by human hand, but their growth has been dwarfed, kept down, and distorted by the violence of the sea-breezes, as is seen elsewhere in that part of the country; and few of them rise more than nine feet above the heap of granite

boulders, through which they have struggled with such difficulty that their trunks are visible, but not the place of their roots; and the boughs are twisted in every way conceivable, while most of the branches are entirely covered with moss and lichen, many inches thick; yet they are still bearing leaf from year to year.

Two roads part from the central point of the great moorland territory, which we have indicated; one going to Tavistock, the other to join the Tavistock and Plymouth highway near Buckland Monachorum. A mile or so along the latter is Prince Town, named after his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, in the reign of his Majesty King George III. It is a village of stone-built cottages, with an inn or two, near the King Tor granite-quarries, which were connected with Plymouth, some fifteen miles distant, by a horse railway constructed in 1823. But at an earlier date, in 1806, during the great French War, or that with Napoleon I., an enormous range of buildings was erected here for the reception of French soldiers and sailors, prisoners of war. About ten thousand were confined here, altogether, during that war, and one thousand Americans captured in the war of 1812 with the United States. The buildings are constructed entirely of granite, and iron is used for the interior fittings. The external appearance of this vast prison, and of the adjacent village, is shown in our first Illustration; the prison to the left hand of this view. After the peace of 1815, these buildings, which had cost Government £127,000, were long vacant, but were at one time let to a company for a naphtha manufactory. The original gateway, however, with the Virgilian motto, "Parcere subjectis," bears witness to the historic occasion for erecting the prison in time of war. In 1850, when transportation of convicts was abolished, it was determined to make Prince Town the first place for executing sentence of penal servitude, but removal thither is usually preceded by a term of preparatory discipline at Millbank or Pentonville. A farm has been attached to this prison, where some of the convicts work under the eye of armed warders, while others labour in the quarries of granite. The soil is favourable to oats and potatoes, and of green vegetables for food, while there is pasture for a small herd of cows; but ordinary agriculture has seldom prospered on Dartmoor. A detachment of soldiers is always kept at Prince Town to put down any mutiny of the prisoners, which has more than once been attempted and repressed with some little bloodshed. Very few attempts of single prisoners to escape have been ultimately successful, owing to the open nature of the surrounding country.

The following is a more exact description of the prison. The walls, of great strength and sufficient height, inclose an area of thirty acres, containing several ranges of buildings.

Four buildings, each 300 ft. long and 50 ft. wide, are used for the accommodation and indoor work of the prisoners. Building No. 1 contains the apartments where they are employed as shoemakers and tailors, and the infirmary wards. Building No. 2 is occupied at night by the outdoor labourers and artisans, who are not allowed to hold any communication with each other, and inhabit distinct cells, 7 ft. long by 4 ft. wide and 7 in height. In building No. 3 the prisoners dwell in common wards. No. 4 resembles No. 2 building. The daily routine of life is as follows:—At six a.m. the prisoners' breakfast is 12 oz. bread and 1 pint cocoa; at half-past six prayers, at seven they go to work. Dinner is served at twelve a.m. and work ceases at dark in winter, and half-past five p.m. in summer. The dinner allowance on four days of the week consists of 6 oz. boiled beef, 8 oz. plain suet pudding, and 1 lb. of vegetables or rice. On other three days, 5 oz. of meat, 1 pint of soup, 1 lb. of vegetable and 6 oz. of bread. The supper allowance is 9 oz. of bread and 1 pint of cocoa. The number of inmates averages 1100; the officers of the establishment, 170; total yearly expenses, £38,000; and the value of the convicts' labour about £14,000. Upwards of 120 acres in the neighbourhood are cultivated by the prisoners, and produce barley, oats, hay, and flax.

The village of Prince Town is inhabited almost entirely by the officials of the prison, and by labourers from the neighbouring quarries, but there are many tourists and other visitors at the "Duchy Hotel" in the summer months; and well-known artists have decorated the doors and panels of the rooms with pictures of some interest. Except in winter and rough weather, it is one of the healthiest places in England; and there is excellent trout-fishing not far off. "A Bit of Dartmoor" is shown in one of our Sketches; another represents a fugitive convict trying to hide himself among the foliage and the ferns and ivy of Wistman's Wood; but the soldiers are at hand, looking out for him, and if he refuses to surrender a shot may reach him there. Other Sketches are those of the farm-hands milking, under military guard, and the quarrymen drawing a load of stone, to be used in building. It was in these quarries that some of the prisoners revolted, and two were shot down by their guards, about two or three years ago.

The Howard Medal of the Statistical Society for 1883, with a prize of £20, has been awarded to Dr. R. D. R. Sweeting, Medical Superintendent of the Western District Fever Hospital, Fulham, for the best essay on "The experiences and opinions of John Howard on the preservation and improvement of the health of the inmates of schools, prisons, work-houses, hospitals, and other public institutions, as far as health is affected by structural arrangements."

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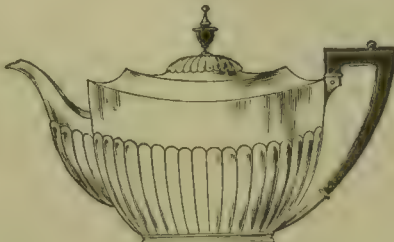
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* See "The Lancet," Oct. 13, 1883.

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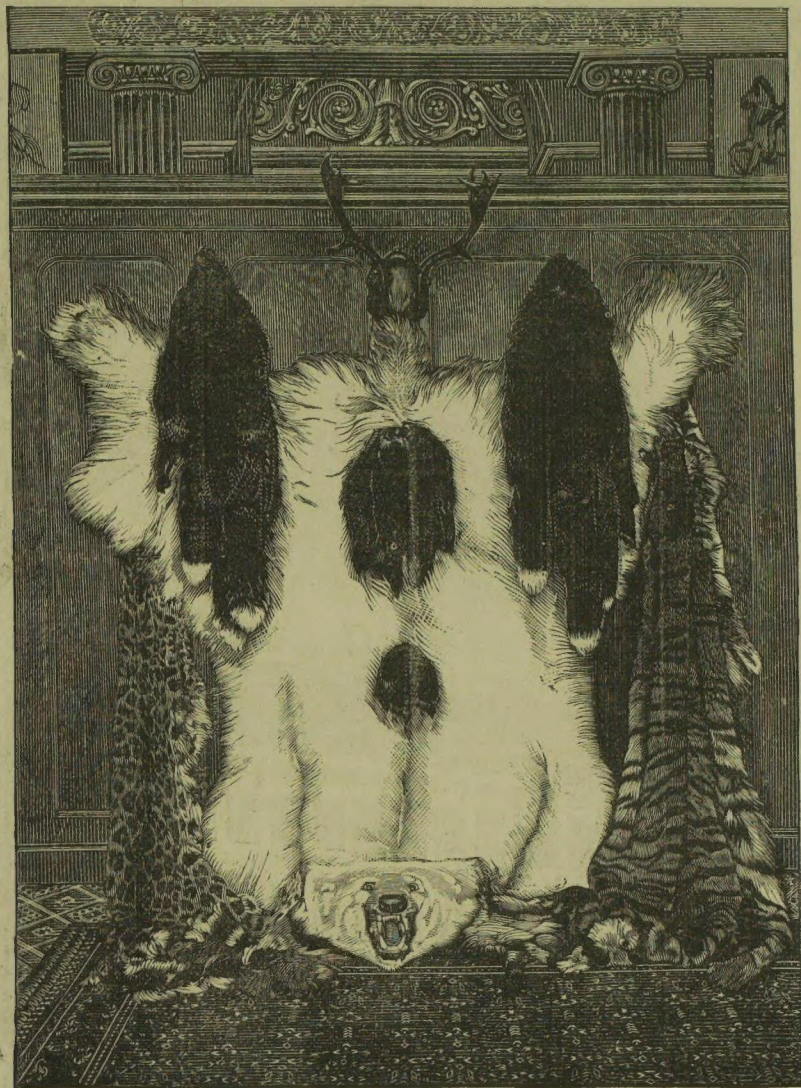
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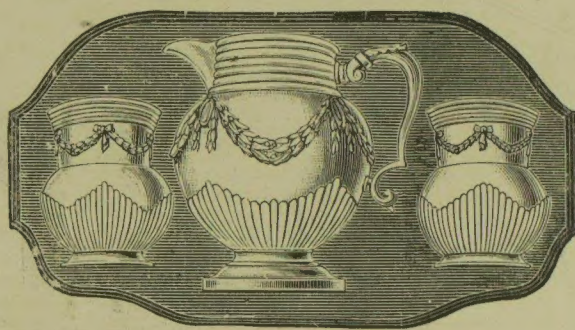


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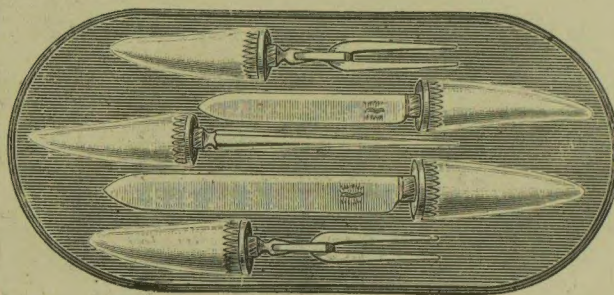
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